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NEW LENGTHS in all the coats according to fashion as all coats are REALLY LONGER.

SHOP FOR YOUR FURS IN THE BOSTON SUNDAY ADVERTISER

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
Greatest Circulation in the World

Magazine Section of the
Boston Sunday Advertiser
Sunday Aug. 3, 1930

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Don Lorenzo's Bride

By Juanita Savage

Isabel Swayed as if About to Collapse, and Don Lorenzo Caught Her in His Arms.

CHAPTER I.
The Curtain Rises!

IN SPITE of the lateness of the hour the dancing at Ciro's was at fever heat.

"You seem to know everyone, Doris," remarked a woman to her friend as she gazed down from the balcony at the crowded dance-floor. "Tell me, who is the big man who looks like a Norseman or an ancient Viking, dancing with the pretty girl in pale blue?"

"Which? Oh, yes, I see who you mean. The one who is dancing with Noel Berkeley's young wife. He isn't a Norseman or a Viking, my dear. He is a Spanish nobleman called de Cortez—Don Lorenzo de Cortez. Tremendously rich, I am told, and half the women one meets are crazy about him."

"A Spaniard? Impossible! I don't mean the big fellow with glossy black hair and side-whiskers. I mean the tall, fair, handsome man—that one down there on the left, close to the stout woman in red, with the diamonds in her hair."

"Yes, my dear, that is Don Lorenzo de Cortez, and he is Spanish, although one doesn't expect a Spaniard to have fair hair and blue eyes. I said so to him when we were introduced at the Spanish Ambassador's reception, and he explained that he is a Castilian. It seems that lots of the Castilians are fair. . . . I say, do you notice how closely he is holding young Mrs. Berkeley, and looking at her as if he'd like to eat her? I should think her husband would be jealous. He is at the table near to the band—yes, the pale, good-looking young man with crinkly black hair and a long cigarette holder. They've only been married a few months."

"It certainly looks as if Don Lorenzo were making love to his partner, my dear, and I could almost swear that she is blushing. One doesn't expect to see an up-to-date young woman doing anything so Victorian as to blush in a fashionable dance club!"

"Isabel Berkeley isn't exactly an up-to-date young woman, my dear. No, that's an unkind way of putting it. She is really quite unsophisticated in some ways. I am told she is half Spanish—perhaps that is what has attracted Don Lorenzo—and was brought up in a convent, and afterwards lived in the depths of the country with an aged relative who thought all young people should be in bed by ten o'clock, and all that sort of thing. Until she married Noel Berkeley I don't suppose she'd ever been inside a theatre, let alone a dance club."

"Really!" commented the other satirically. "So I suppose it must have been at the convent that she learned to dance so beautifully as well as to blush!"

"I don't know, my dear," her friend responded, her attention wandering. "Don Lorenzo didn't strike me as the type of man who would say anything that would cause even a village maiden to blush. He struck me as a tremendously dignified and reserved young man . . . I say, I believe that is the Duke who has just come in. Let's go down . . ."

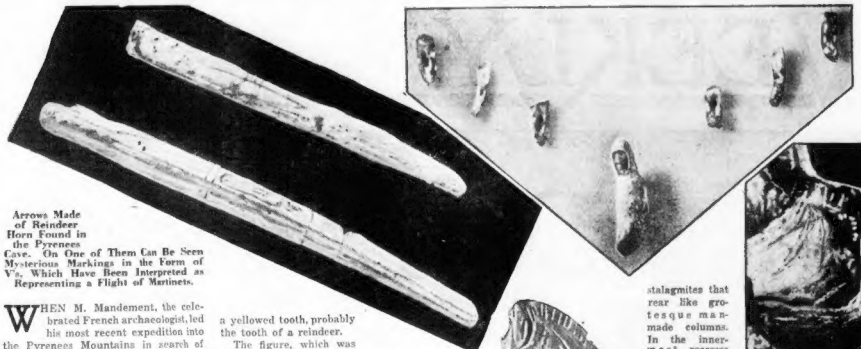
The music ceased, and the handsome couple the gossips had been discussing joined Noel Berkeley at his table. Isabel's fair face was still flushed, and she was slightly breathless as she dropped into a seat facing her husband.

"Topping dance tune, that last one," remarked Berkeley. "No wonder it was encored twice. You look hot, darling. Shall I order an ice?"

"No, thank you, Noel," Isabel answered, and darted a half-

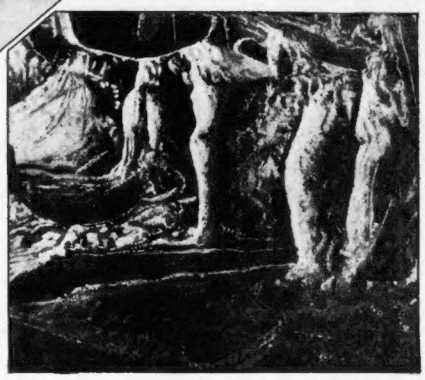
(Continued on Page 12)

The First Authentic Portrait of an Ice-Age Gentleman?



Arrows Made of Reindeer Horn Found in the Pyrenees Cave. On One of Them Can Be Seen Mysterious Markings in the Form of V's, Which Have Been Interpreted as Representing a Flight of Martinets.

The Portrait Is the Hooded Figure in the Center—Perhaps the Oldest in the World. It Was the Central Pendant of a Necklace Made of Perforated Teeth, Some of Which Are Shown at Each Side.



The Cave of Bedeilhac, Where the Interesting Discoveries Were Made. It Is Now Beautified by Stalagmites.

WHEN M. Mandement, the celebrated French archaeologist, led his most recent expedition into the Pyrenees Mountains in search of relics of the prehistoric people whoare known to have lived there, he expected to find caves with primitive drawings on their rocky sides, and crude implements of flint and stone. But he did not dream that it would be his good fortune to come upon what may be the first authentic portrait of an Ice-Age gentleman—a tiny figurine carved from a yellowed tooth, probably the tooth of a reindeer.

The figure, which was the pendant of a necklace made of teeth, had its head covered by what appears to be a hood, although M. Mandement believes that the head covering may represent a thick crop of hair, which the men of that ancient era undoubtedly would have worn as protection against the intense cold. If the head-covering is a hood, it is much like the fur hoods that the Eskimos wear today, with a peak at the back and a rim of fur about the face.

Head and Shoulders of a Horse Carved in Soft Stone.

The type of the art and the strata in which the interesting relic was found indicate that it is the work of some artisan of the so-called Magdalenian period, which, according to geologists, began about 18,000 years ago and continued for something like 9,000 years.

The cave in which this carving was found, along with arrows made of reindeer horn and the head of a horse carved in soft stone, is at the base of the Pyrenees in the southern part of France, about 25 miles from the Spanish border. It is known as the cave of Bedeilhac and is in an area that abounds with evidence of a primitive culture.

The cave itself is a large chamber running several hundred feet into the steep side of a mountain and is beautiful because of the number of stalagmites that rear like grotesque man-made columns. In the innermost recesses of the cavern the archaeologists found two crude wall paintings of bison and the primitive outlines of the heads of a horse and a bull. These discoveries, interesting as they are, were deemed of small importance compared with the tiny figure carved from the tooth of some animal that roamed the steep foothills of the Pyrenees hundreds of centuries ago.

Several years ago, M. Piette, a scientist, found a similar statuette in a cave near Brassempouy, France. This relic, now in a French museum, is called "The Woman of the Hood," but because there is no representation of fur about the face of the figure it is assumed that it was made years, probably centuries, after the end of the so-called Ice Age. The diminutive sculpture found by M. Mandement appears to have a crude representation of fur about the face and is, for this reason, accepted as one of the oldest, if not the oldest portrait of a human being ever unearthed.

Not far from the cave of Bedeilhac, M. Mandement and his helpers discovered three other caves which promise to throw new light on the manner in which the prehistoric citizens of France lived long before the dawn of civilization. One of these caves, high up on the side of a mountain, was nearly filled with bones, most of them so disintegrated that it was impossible to tell whether they were human or animal. After months of painstaking labor one of the scientists with the expedition succeeded in piecing together the skeleton of a bear.

Still higher up on the same mountain two other caves, both containing implements of bone and flint, were found and carefully sealed against the day when the discoverers can return to the site and conduct a leisurely and orderly excavation.

It is believed that the relics and drawing in these caverns will yield important information on the lives and customs of a race that lived in what are now France and Spain centuries before the Pharoahs built the first pyramid on the sands of Egypt.

White Mourning Attire, Borrowed From Far East, New Paris Vogue

A Mannequin Wearing the Startling New White Mourning Costume, Ultra-Modern Widow's Weeds, as Decreed in the Latest Fashion Ukase From Paris.

IF the newest and one of the most startling fashion edicts Paris has ever issued is adopted by the millions of women who take their style cues from the couturiers of the French capital, widows will shun clothes of sombre black and mourn in becoming costumes of white.

The autocratic dictators of fashion admit, however, that they will not be surprised if their unusual command is disobeyed by all but a few of their most ardent disciples, because, except in the East, black has been the symbol of mourning for centuries.

"At first," said a couturier whose salon is a mecca of the modes, "the idea of white widows' weeds will seem a little shocking and perhaps, a bit sacrilegious, but I believe the time will come when women the world over will appreciate the appropriateness of white for mourning attire.

"It is apparent that Paris borrowed the new vogue from the East, more particularly from Japan. In that country where people have the greatest respect for their departed ancestors, white has been the symbol of mourning for centuries. In every Japanese funeral procession, the priests, the pall-bearers and the mourners array themselves in the purest of white costumes and even the tree branches they carry are the snow-white, palm-like leaves of the beautiful Clyera sponica.

"To an Oriental, white is the color that denotes purity, and there is nothing so pure as the spirits of departed relatives. The women of the Western World might well adopt this ancient custom, out of deference to their dead kin as well as in the "interest of their personal appearance."

The Hindus have always recognized white as the color of death and grief and it is the custom for the corpse, even among the lowest castes, to be wrapped in white before any of the long ceremony attending a burial has been performed. More often than not the Hindus cremate their dead, but white is the established color for all garments worn during the sombre rites.

In the Nilgiri hills, in the south of India, the Todas perform strange and elaborate rites when a member of their tribe dies. And in this part of the country the mourning color is white. The corpse is arrayed in a snow-white robe and, until the day of the funeral, is kept in a hut surrounded by a circle of stones painted white.

Aside from the customs of the Orient, however, the Paris fashion designers believe that simplicity and not sombreness should be the dominant note of mourning costumes, and that a widow's sense of loss is not lessened because her "weeds" are becoming to her.

The Curious Long-Nosed Monkey Captured During the All-American Lyric Expedition in Borneo.

Most Curious of the Monkey Tribe Found in Borneo

THE long-nosed monkey, found nowhere in the world except in the jungles of Borneo, is the most grotesque member of his numerous and varied family. He looks like nothing so much as a "low comedian" in a burlesque show, because of the huge proboscis, that starts at his low forehead and reaches well below his absurdly serious mouth.

The specimen shown on this page was captured by the members of the All-American Lyric Expedition recently returned from an exploration trip in central Borneo, and was presented to the University of Chicago.

Not only is the long-nosed monkey freakish as to its face, but its coloring contributes to its laughable appearance. Its face is cinnamon brown fringed with side whiskers of reddish-brown and white. The hair on its back is still another shade of red-brown interspersed with patches of dark brown verging on black. Its chest and abdomen are covered with fine, snow-white hair that gives the creature the appearance of being dressed in a stiff-bosomed shirt.

The voice of the long-nosed monkey is in keeping with his funny face and his peculiarly colored body, for, according to the explorers who came upon a whole tribe of the animals playing in the jungle tree tops, it does not chatter and screech like most monkeys, but makes a noise like the resonant tones of a bass-viol played by a rank amateur.

It is seldom that the most curious of the simians takes to the ground, preferring to spend most of his time in the highest branches of pongyet trees, on the succulent leaves of which he likes to feed. More often than not this species of monkey travels in small groups, and is seldom seen in parts of the Borneo jungle where there is no water. In fact, the chief amusement of the long-nosed monkey is swimming in the tepid waters of the lakes, streams and rivers, near which it lives.

The noses of the young monkeys are little more than blunt snouts, and it is not until the animals reach maturity that their faces are dominated by organs of smell that look amusingly like the putty proboscis worn by circus clowns.

Superstitious natives in central Borneo invest the long-nosed monkey with superhuman powers, and believe that the souls of the dead sometimes enter the bizarre bodies of the creatures. To them the long-nosed monkey, known to science as the Semnopithecl Nasalis Larvatus, is the "blanda" and the "rasong."

Princess Becomes Chorus Girl

EVER since she was a little girl Princess Isabella, of Braganza, sister of the dashing Dom Duarte Nuno de Braganza, pretender to the throne of Portugal, has wanted to relinquish the luxurious life of a noble lady and go on the stage. And, at last, she is on her way to fame by way of the chorus.

Her noble family—particularly her ambitious brother—and her blue-blooded friends pleaded with the Princess not to embarrass them by indulging her girlhood whim, but she turned deaf ears to them and quit her medieval castle in Austria to dance and sing behind the footlights.

That she knows what she is doing seems apparent in the recent announcement of Max Reinhart, the famous Austrian playwright and producer, that Isabelle is generously gifted, and that it is his intention to write a play particularly for her. If he makes good his word, the Portuguese Princess will desert the field of musical comedy and become a star of the serious drama almost overnight.

Nobility Enters Beauty Contests

DURING the ballyhoo which preceded the recent beauty contest held for the purpose of finding and selecting the most beautiful girl in Berlin, Baroness Freyberg, 17 years old, and a member of one of the oldest and noblest German families, jokingly remarked to friends that she knew she was the city's most comely bit of femininity and was thinking seriously of accepting the coveted honor.

A young man who overheard the remark surreptitiously entered the Baroness's name in the contest, and she, appreciating the humor of the situation, decided to match her charms against those of the fairest chorus girls, mannequins and artists' models for the honor of being crowned "Miss Berlin 1930."

Whether the pretty young noblewoman really believed she could win the beauty contest is not known, but, as the saying goes, she won by a walk, and, at an elaborate ceremony, attended by several thousand people, was acclaimed the capital's queen of beauty.

Her family strenuously objected to her participation in what seemed to them a decidedly plebeian contest, but she overrode their objections, and reminded them that a patrician was none the less patrician because she happened to be unusually good to look upon.

But what concerns her kin even more than her victory over several hundred girls of the stage and the studio, is the Baroness's serious contemplation of the many contracts that have been pressed upon her by theatrical producers and movie directors. Before she joked about seeking the crown of Miss Berlin, it was her intention to live the life of a social butterfly, but now that a career on the stage or in the movies awaits only her signature, she admits she is tempted to change her plans.

Baroness Freyberg, 17-Year-Old Member of the Old German Nobility, Who Has Been Selected as the Most Beautiful Girl in Berlin.

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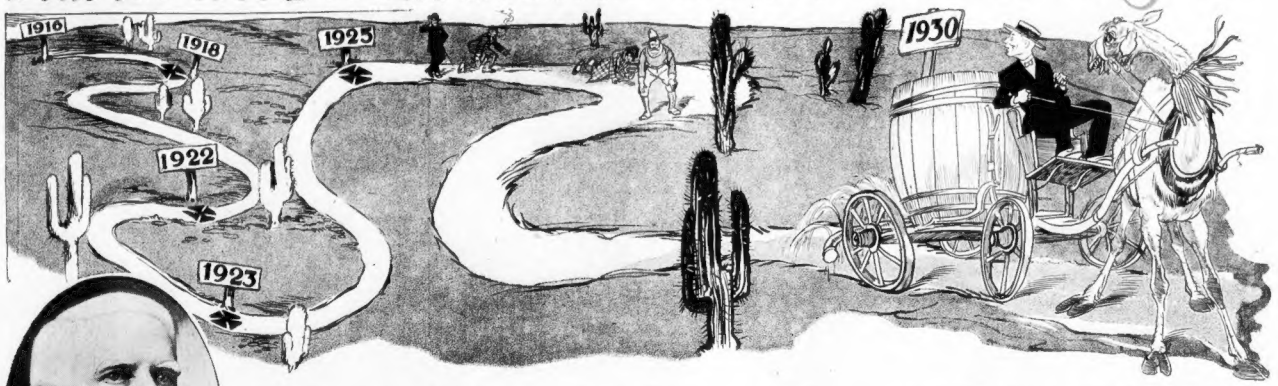
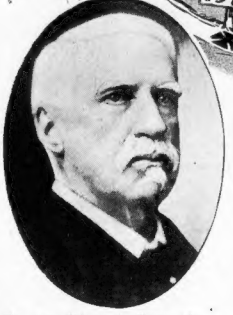
Mr. Kerens' Five-Year Ride on the "Waterwagon"



Topographical Map of Mr. Vincent Keren's Fourteen-Year Journey On and Off the Waterwagon. Crosses Show Spots, and Sign-boards the Years, Where He Fell.



The Late Richard C. Kerens, Sr., Former Ambassador to Austria-Hungary and Vincent's Father, Who Left the Peculiar "Waterwagon" Will.

For Fourteen Years He Tried to Stick on the Slippery Seat, and Even Joined the Army Because He Heard There Was Prohibition There—but Now It Looks as if He Really Will Get That $2,000,000 Reward

IN 1916 young Vincent Kerens, son of Richard C. Kerens, former United States Ambassador to Austria-Hungary, heard something that most people would consider good news, but young Mr. Kerens complained bitterly, for he foresaw what it meant.

The news that so upset Vincent was that he could have two million dollars without doing any work or taking any risk. All that was asked of him was that he should not take a drink during that time. It is safe to say that Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., or Mr. Henry Ford would accept that proposition gratefully, but when Vincent heard the lawyer read it from his father's will he felt considerable anger and dismay.

His two sisters, Mrs. Gladys Colkit, of Philadelphia, and Mrs. Madeline Kenna, of New York, nodded their heads in approval. They each got their two million then and there and moved over to Paris to enjoy themselves, first telling their brother they hoped he would obey their late father's just mandate.

They not only hoped, but took such interest in seeing that he did obey it that brother Vincent has also been hoping now for fourteen dreary years.

But now it looks as though at last Mr. Kerens would be able to establish satisfactorily that he has sat high and dry upon the "waterwagon" with nary a slip nor a bump-off for the alloted five years.

It certainly has been a long and arduous journey, however. Just as sure as Mr. Kerens would look furtively around, think that he saw no one in the offing, and limber his legs for a brief sprint beside the well-known Volsteadian vehicle, somebody was sure to hear the patter of his feet, get the evidence and mark on the map of the city where it occurred "X indicates spot where Vincent fell."

The two sisters were determined that brother should obey father's last wishes. One of them even said at a hearing that she would gladly come from the corners of the earth to testify about it. They felt it their duty; and, besides, if he didn't get the money they would.

As soon as Vincent realized that he must go through with the ordeal, he set about it at once. At 10 the next morning he called on Mr. I. H. Orr, president of the St. Louis Union Trust Company, which was nursing his two millions, asked that financier to smell his breath and told him to have the money ready five years from that date because he would need quite a wad of it to celebrate.

Of course, the hard-headed ambassador had not inserted such a strange clause in his will without some reason, the very reason that made it so objectionable to the person most concerned. Kerens admits that he had annoyed his father by becoming frequently "soused," "stewed," "pickled," "plastered," and sometimes "pie-eyed." In fact, it was probably Vincent himself who put that five-year-abstinence idea in the paternal mind.

He had assembled with the others at a family reunion to celebrate his father's birthday, but began celebrating on the way and arrived in a somewhat "ory-eyed" condition. His brother Dick, who later developed certain peculiarities for which he is now in an institution and therefore receives only the interest of a $300,000 trust fund, told him it wasn't right to turn up in a "half-boiled" condition like that.

Vincent, full of remorse, went to his father and amazed him by making a rash, startlingly rash, promise.

"Dad," said Vincent, "I realize you are right. You know what I am going to do? Well, I am going to make you a pledge that I won't take another drink for five years."

The astonished father shot a hasty look at Vincent's eyes to make sure that this was really a sober promise. Apparently satisfied, he embraced him and immediately made plans to celebrate the return of the prodigal. Instead of a fatted calf, a half-dozen turkeys were prepared for the axe, for this was the latter part of December, and the old ambassador called a family reunion for the Christmas holidays, inviting the Kerens' tribe from all over the country to be present and rejoice with him in Vincent's reformation.

The celebration was highly successful except for one thing—Vincent had backslid and was in no condition to attend. So the equivalent of the fatted calf was sacrificed with the prodigal son absent and still a prodigal!

Now that he knew the worst, Vincent determined to prohibit himself from drinking. Prohibition had not yet struck the country, but Vincent heard that they had it in the army, so he joined it. He learned that they could not drink, but that they did. However, he managed pretty well and neither his sisters nor Uncle Sam got anything on him until presently the U. S. A. took Mr. Kerens overseas for the big war.

In the trenches there was no opportunity to get "illuminated" by anything but star shells, and if he indulged his thirst on his furloughs it was hard for his conscientious sisters in Paris to get the goods on him, and all the rest of France was too busy to care. Unfortunately for Vincent's financial prospects, the war came to an end and Vincent, being wounded, was home ahead of the rest.

The spots on the battlefields of France where brother Vincent had fallen from bullets are not marked, but the spot in a St. Louis street where he fell on Armistice Night and had to be lifted into a taxi by the driver was set down and underscored. So far as the will was concerned the question was not whether he had been a good soldier for two years, but had he been a good boy all the time. Manifestly once he had not. Poor Vincent had to begin all over again.

There was still a tag end of the war going on in Russia and Vincent volunteered to fight the Bolsheviks. That, too, petered out and he was sent home through China, his waterwagon thus taking him clear around the world. From that fall from grace in 1918 his vigilant watchers were unable to catch him off his wagon again until 1922. Four consecutive years of sobriety, as far as any record shows, had passed, the two millions were almost in sight and then, unwisely, he fancied he could—not exactly fall off—but just step down gently for a moment without being noticed.

But there is no peace for the wicked. He was out of luck again.

This time he got caught through trying to be kind to his brother Dick. Dick wanted a dozen silk shirts and Vincent thought he ought to have them. But Dick's guardian, James E. Smith, an ex-detective, saw no need for such extravagance for a man who lived in an institution and spent most of his life in a nightshirt.

This rankled in Vincent's mind, causing him to take just a few drops of "Eau de Volstead" and then to call at Mr. Smith's house. Finding that the gentleman was out he playfully informed Mrs. Smith that he was going to shoot her husband on sight. It was now Mr. Smith's turn to be annoyed and putting on his detective's gum shoes he went looking for Mr. Kerens. What is more, he found him, he alleged, in a St. Louis hotel room with another man and a woman, also a bottle of whiskey. Vincent was fined $25 for disorderly conduct, the sisters marked down another cross and those two millions jumped five years into the future.

It was most discouraging. Still, two million is a lot of money. Vincent gritted his teeth and vowed that during the next five years he would either be good or be careful, if it killed him. Excepting Smith and his sisters, most everyone seems to have felt sorry for Vincent. One of the sisters complained that somebody in the trust company was "evidently in sympathy" with her brother. President Orr informed her that he was that man. Even Vincent's wife, though estranged and separated, tried to help him win, on the understanding that she was to get half the money.

In 1928, having heard no comments from anybody about his behavior, Vincent appeared with an imposing string of testimonials, character witnesses, etc., before the trust company and persuaded that not entirely soulless corporation to let go of the gold. But, before it could do so, the two sisters got out an injunction while they hurried across the water and offered evidence that their brother had at least wobbled a couple of times, late in 1925.

This was a crushing blow, setting him back a couple of years, but at least he was still three years to the good and resolved that for the next two he would flee from the sight of anything that looked like a bottle or a bootlegger.

During that time he took a ranch in Texas, where he associated only with persons rated as Grade AAA in the Anti-Saloon League's records. Then, in 1930, armed with a trunk full of affidavits from the most eminent drys of the Lone Star State, he came into court to demand his inheritance. It had taken him 14 years to do it but he was sure that now, at last, he would prove a five-year nonstop ride on that dismal wagon.

By this time he was no longer young, and showed gray hairs. Ten lawyers were present to represent his sisters, the trust company, the estate and even Mr. Smith, as well as Vincent himself.

It soon became apparent that as far as liquor was concerned, the case against him was thin indeed, but the sisters fell back on the general good behavior clause of the will, pointing out that right smack in the middle of the last five years he had divorced his wife.

Vincent summoned his ex-better half, who said she had no fault to find with her former husband's behavior, but that they had been incompatible. The sisters did not believe that any wife could be sincere in such a compliment but, even if true, they claimed that he had been bad anyway.

The judge, however, threw that count out. He said that as long as the country had divorce laws, it was not wrong for Vincent to avail himself of them and that if his father had wished to forbid divorce, he should have so specified in the will.

Vincent's opponents then tried to introduce an incident in 1920 when Kerens had been arrested in company with a woman.

As this happened long before the five-year period in question, it was debarred, but the trouble now lay in the fact that later he had gotten another woman to file an affidavit with the trust company stating that there was no basis for the arrest and pretending that she was the woman arrested. He was shielding someone's fair name, which the sisters regarded as a continuing act of wrong-doing right up to the present moment. The judge, however, said:

"I don't care to have a skeleton dragged from the closet and rattled ad libitum and ad infinitum. The question is as plain as a pike point. It has been admitted that the affidavit was false and the only question now is whether the filing of the affidavit constituted bad behavior."

Judge Faris took the decision of the case under advisement.

If Vincent is ordered to get back again on the waterwagon for another five-year journey, he does not know whether to hire detectives to watch him and see that he obeys all the laws they can remember, or just to enter a monastery. Anyway, five years is certainly a long time between drinks.

The Present Mrs. Vincent Kerens.

Mrs. Gladys Colkit, Mr. Kerens' Philadelphia Sister.

Mr. Vincent Kerens and His Two Adopted Children—Eight-Year-Old Mary and Eleven-Year-Old Jack.

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Putting the Elephant to Work in England and America

THE elephant has been a useful beast of burden in the East, particularly in India and Siam, for many years, but it is only recently that the biggest beasts on earth have been pressed into service in England and the United States.

Elephant labor, of course, will never become common in the British Isles or in America because, as strong as the easily domesticated brutes are, they cannot compete with modern labor-saving machinery. In the photographs shown on this page the elephants are working merely to keep them in good condition for their real job—to amuse spectators at the circus and at the zoo.

In England the elephants of the Sanger circus are exercised in the fields of their owner's extensive estate during the few months of the year that they are not traveling about England and the continent as an attraction of the "Big Top." They seem to enjoy pulling plows and harrows and obey the commands of their masters as intelligently as a well-trained horse. An elephant pulls the heaviest plow through the roughest of ground with no apparent effort and has the strength of half a dozen horses.

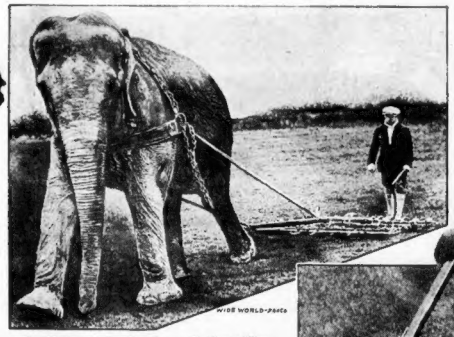
During the past year the elephants of Sir John Sanger's circus have put in long days in the fields of his country place in Kent and have relieved a stable of draft horses of the arduous task of plowing and harrowing more than thirty acres of land.

In order to protect their feet from the rough ground and to keep them from sinking into the soft soil, Sir John equipped his elephants with special shoes of heavy leather. One of the photographs on this page shows a farmhand adjusting one of the huge round boots at the beginning of a day in the fields.

During the Spring and Summer it is a common sight on the grounds of the Seattle, Washington, zoo to see a pet elephant of that establishment mowing the lawn. Of course, this is not part of the elephant's job and he does not cut the grass regularly, but he seems to enjoy the work and does it with surprising skill.

WIDE WORLD—Photo

To Keep the Elephants of the Sanger Circus, in England, Fit During the Winter Season, the Animals Are Put to Work on Farms. They Are Fitted With Special Shoes to Protect Their Feet From Rough Ground.



WIDE WORLD—Photo

The Elephant Is Equal to Five or Six Horses When It Comes to Pulling a Plow or Harrow. English Farmers Find the Big Animal a Great Help.

P. & A.—Photo

The Seattle, Washington, Zoo Attendants State That Elephants Are Easily Trained and Good Workers. This Big Fellow Is Expert at Mowing Lawns. In Florida Last Season a Circus Elephant Earned His Owners a Tidy Sum Serving as a Taxi.

In India, thousands of elephants serve as beasts of burden and are particularly useful in lumbering operations. A full-grown elephant can carry heavy logs in his trunk and can pile both logs and sawed timber as well as, and much more quickly than a crew of twenty men.

The Siamese have used the elephant as a cheap and efficient beast of burden for centuries, and even have "stables" at which the huge animals can be rented by the day or week for various kinds of heavy work.

None of the working elephants in Siam is the species with white hides, however, because these monsters are traditionally sacred and are used only to transport royalty or as an important feature of religious processions. It would be sacrilege to let one of these holy animals use his trunk and his tusks at menial tasks.

"Gulliver" of Today Builds Pigmy Berlin of 100 Years Ago

THE young German engineer who devised and built miniature models of certain historically interesting sections of the Berlin of a century ago, is a man of less than average height. Yet, when his handiwork was given a public exhibition recently, he appeared to be a living giant, a modern Gulliver towering above the buildings and inhabitants of a metropolitan Lilliput.

In the photograph on this page, the young man is shown bending above the roof of his splendidly made model of the old Alexander Palace, once the luxurious home of the rulers of imperial Germany and still one of the show places of the German capital. The structure, which is fashioned of wood, glass, cardboard and metal, stands only about two feet high, yet even to the tiny panes of glass in its windows, it is made in perfect proportion to the famous palace itself.

In order to make the exhibit more striking the ingenious engineer surrounded it with several other models of buildings and set it against a painted backdrop showing avenues lined with buildings extending from the palace in several directions. The perspective of this scenic backdrop is so carefully worked out that the old home of the Hohenzollerns gives the spectator the effect of being full-size.

The models of Alexander Palace and of other famous edifices in the German capital were painstakingly made from plans of the buildings which are kept in the city's officials records. All the models which were built to serve as exhibits at a convention of European architects were publicly exhibited after the business sessions of the architects were over.

P. & A.—Photo

The Giant in the Photograph Is a Young Engineer, Who Assisted in the Construction in Miniature of Alexander Place, Berlin, as It Was a Century Ago.

Beauties of Europe Who Never Wear Gowns

MARY KIDD, of London, and Mlle. Stipanek, of Vienna, are two of the most beautiful and best dressed women on the European stage—yet neither of them ever wears a gown when she performs behind the footlights. Their extensive wardrobes consist only of strips of cloth of various lengths and kinds.

In the photographs on this page, Miss Stipanek, who plays motion picture roles as well as parts on the stage, is arrayed in a strip of lustrous satin, held to her shapely body by pins put in strategic places. So cleverly and artistically is this single length of material draped that the Viennese girl appears to be wearing an expensive evening gown of the latest Parisian design.

Miss Kidd is arrayed in a luxurious bath mat, which she purchased in a London department store. Yet, because of her knowledge of draping, she is wearing the mat in such a manner that it possesses all the chic of one of the abbreviated "cocktail jackets," which are the vogue in Paris this season.

Besides being a talented actress with a large and enthusiastic following among Austrian theatregoers, Mlle. Stipanek is a champion amateur swimmer, and is soon to attempt to swim the treacherous Straits of Gibraltar.

Eschewing gowns is more than a publicity stunt with both the English actress and the Viennese star, because both of them were mannequins before they went on the stage. Miss Kidd was the favorite model of a Bond street creator of women's fashions, and for more than two years served as the shapely "foundation" for hundreds of original creations, later worn by the cream of British society.

It was during this time that Mary Kidd observed that the designer worked out his creations merely by draping her in bolts of cloth and holding this cloth in place with pins until he had just the effect he wanted. She herself mastered the trick of fashioning gowns and frocks with the simple ingredients of fabric and pins, and frequently appeared in public in evening gowns and street frocks made in this seemingly precarious manner.

Mlle. Stipanek got the idea for her fetching stage costumes in the same way as Mary Kidd, for she, too, served her apprenticeship as a fashion model before she graduated to the stage. She was employed in one of the most exclusive style salons in Vienna, and, before she gave up posing for a stage career, had achieved something of a reputation as a designer of gowns and hats.

UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD—Photo

Miss Mary Kidd, the British Film Actress Who Never Has a Gown Made. But Appears in the Movies and on the Stage Wearing Simple Unsewn Drapes. In This Photo an Ornate Bath Mat Serves as Apparel.

UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD—Photo

Miss Kidd's Prototype in Vienna Is the Beautiful Mlle. Stipanek, Actress and Expert Swimmer, Who Drapes Herself Simply From Bolts of Fabric.

How the Ancients Made and Drank Their Beer

WHILE the inhabitants of ancient Egypt and Babylon were building the wondrous hanging gardens and the even more wonderful pyramids, they were also brewing and drinking great quantities of beer, according to Dr. Huber, a German historian, who is at work on a comprehensive history of brewing.

Hieroglyphics on stone seal-cylinders and scenes cut on tombstones believed to be between 7,000 and 8,000 years old, throw much light on the ancient art of making beer and the popular custom of drinking it in quantities which must seem incredible and deplorable to the ardent prohibitionists of the present day.

Both the Egyptians and Babylonians are now known to have made beer of barley and of various mixtures of barley and wheat. From the inscriptions on ancient Babylonian pay lists—that is, payrolls—the German historian learned the officials were allowed as much as eight and nine pints of beer a day. Brain workers, and the women of the harem were allotted five pints a day and laborers were issued their "grog" according to the importance of their work to the community. The poorest of unskilled laborers had to be content, in some cases, with as little as a quart of very weak beer daily.

In the time of King Hammurabi, who ruled over Babylon about 2100 B. C., beer had become such a factor in the life of the country that strict laws were passed in an effort to control its preparation, price and sale.

Old Egyptian records show that beer was a national drink consumed by people of all ages and classes. Workmen were quite willing to take part of their wages in beer. So popular did beer drinking become at one stage of the history of ancient Egypt that the making of wine seems to have sunk to the level of a rejected if not a lost art.

The making of beer seems to have become a function of every household from the palace of the king to the lowest hovel in the realm, and most of the brewing was done by the women. Bas reliefs found in one ancient tomb would indicate that the beer of the Egyptians was not of the best quality and that the sediment in it made it necessary to sip the intoxicating beverage through straws.

The German historian made a valuable contribution to the science of Egyptology by piecing together and translating twenty-three bas-reliefs found in ten different ancient Egyptian tombs. These sculptures, the work of several highly skilled Egyptian artists, were found to form a complete pictorial record of the brewing process as practised in the time of the Pharaohs.

So far as Dr. Huber could learn, hops were not used in the making of beer either in Egypt of Babylon, which accounts in part for the high content of sediment that made drinking the beverage through straws necessary.

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"Richest Baby in America" Picks a Wife

John Nicholas Brown, Only Heir to the Very Wealthy Browns of Fashionable Newport, Slips Through the Clutches of Ambitious Society Matrons With Debutante Flappers and Will Marry a Clergyman's Daughter

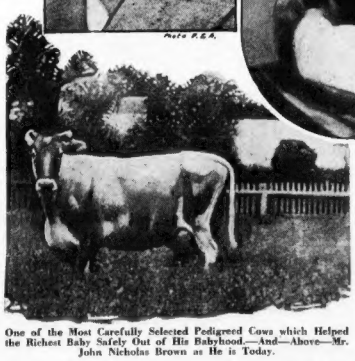
John Nicholas as a Baby Looking Out at the World Over the Head of One of His Cats.

Anne Seddon Kinsolving, the Baltimore Minister's Daughter, Who Will Marry America's "Richest Baby."

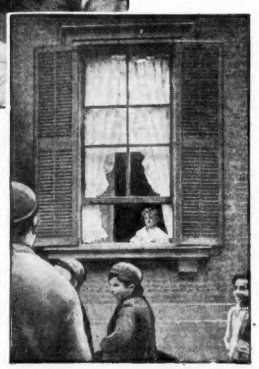
Miss Kinsolving as an Engineer in One of Her Adventurous Newspaper "Stunts."

Photo P.E.A.

John Nicholas Brown as He is Today.



One of the Most Carefully Selected Pedigreed Cows which Helped the Richest Baby Safely Out of His Babyhood.—And—Above—Mr.



John Nicholas—Poor Little Rich Boy, Safeguarded From the Germs Other Children Might Carry—Looking Miserably Out of His Window at the Happier Youngsters Who Managed to Get Along and Be Happy Without All His Care.

BEFORE John Nicholas Brown was nine weeks old he had accumulated $10,000,000 and was known as America's richest baby. But this was only a starter. In the course of childhood, he inherited more and more millions until today his fortune is estimated to be in the vicinity of $100,000,000.

While he was still in short trousers, society mothers began to make matrimonial plans for their little girls and this golden boy. Probably no American has had so many society debutantes "set their caps" for him as has young Mr. John Nicholas Brown. Not only his great wealth made him about the most eligible youth in the world but his ancestors are among the country's oldest and best stock and he was born into Newport's most exclusive society. For good measure, the young man is six feet tall, handsome and athletic.

It would be hard to pick a flaw in John Nicholas Brown. When he reached the age of 18, he was, next to the Prince of Wales, the greatest matrimonial "catch" in Europe or America and fair game for any feminine "go-getter" who could coax him to the altar. Who would catch him? The obvious guess was that he would marry some pretty social butterfly in his own set. However, many who had heard of his "spoon-fed," coddled bringing up, as the only son of a doting mother, feared that he was a spoiled child who would run away with a chorus girl or night club hostess.

But America's richest baby fooled everyone except, perhaps, his mother, looked them all over, resisted the butterflies, scorned the vamps and, at the comparatively mature age of 29, laid his heart of gold at the feet of Miss Anne Seddon Kinsolving, a Baltimore minister's daughter. Yet, for all his deliberateness, it was love at first sight. He seemed to have known exactly what he wanted the moment his eyes rested on her. They met only four times before they became engaged.

Nothing happens without a cause, and, in this case, there were two good ones. In the first place Mrs. Brown had not spoiled her son. She had lavished on him everything that money could buy, but only in such ways as she was sure would be good for him, and, after all, there was not so much fun in it for little John Nicholas. Once when he suffered from a childhood sickness, Mrs. Brown chartered a special train to bring four specialists from New York to Newport. This cost a small fortune, but, to the little patient, those expensive doctors, expensively arrived at, were only four more nuisances to make him stick out his tongue and say: "Ah."

His milk was from special, pedigreed cows as blue-blooded as himself, but when handed to him in a glass, it was to him just milk, same as the noisy milkman lays at the doors of ordinary boys. He had governesses, tutors, guards, detectives, athletic instructors, and various servants, all for his little self, but these mostly told him what he must not do, chasing away boys, dogs, hand-organ grinders and other interesting creatures which John would have liked to investigate at close range.

On a Fourth of July, he was welcome to a thousand dollars' worth of the biggest cannon crackers and finest fireworks, but always a servant was deputed to set them off, and, therefore, to have all the fun. Through the gate, he could see other boys lighting crackers in their hands and tossing them to explode delightfully in the air.

John Nicholas wanted to do the same but was overruled. They might blow off one of his hundred-million-dollar hands. He must not go out and fraternize with other children because of kidnapers, whom he discovered did not bother with poor children. When, in response to his protests, a few carefully selected boys were permitted to enter the grounds of his mother's mansion, the playing had to be done under the eyes of guards and detectives, which overawed the visitors and took all spontaneity out of their play.

John led an antiseptic, quarantined, segregated life and considered himself an under-privileged child.

The reason for all these restrictions he soon learned was because he had millions which were like measles, only worse. A boy with measles was kept prisoner away from the "gang," but, after a few days, would get better and soon be returned to society as an equal. His millions grew worse and worse and more of them.

Looking out of the bars of his magnificent prison one day, John saw a grinning, happy boy ride past on a somewhat moth-eaten and spavined pony. Immediately he put in a demand for one "just like that." Mrs. Brown consulted with her advisers and told her son that she would get him a much better one.

It took two weeks to get that pony and make sure it had no diseases, besides being absolutely gentle and reliable. After all that heart-breaking delay, John found he must ride with a man at each side and must not leave the grounds. Such notions as finding the other boy and challenging him to a race were not to be thought of.

Most children look upon school as an evil, possibly somewhat mitigated on them by a conspiracy between parents and the city and therefore that the greatest day in the year is when that institution closes for the Summer. John was taught at home by highly-paid tutors who had the gift of making study pleasant and interesting.

There was also a special athletic instructor who trained him to jump, run, box, play tennis and golf and develop his boyish muscles, but where was the fun with no competition? The boy figured it out and demanded to go to school. He had in mind the public school for which his mother paid enough school taxes to have taken care of a score of children. Mrs. Brown compromised by sending him to St. George's School, Newport.

"Hello, Million-Dollar Baby!" the boys shouted when he was left to their tender mercies. His first weeks were not happy until he had lived down the stigma of those annoying millions. John had several fights, got his multi-million-dollar nose punched, but also punched several less valuable noses and was soon accepted as a worthy equal.

Everyone expected John to go to Brown University because it had been founded by one of his grandfathers, but he chose Harvard. The boy was now 18 years old and, if he so desired, was in a much better position to defy parental authority than is the average youth. Most parents can at least cut off a son's allowance and threaten disinheritance for bad behavior.

But John's millions, as everyone knew, were his very own, left him by his father and other relatives. True, he would not actually get his hands on them till he was 21, but meanwhile the "loan-sharks" would gladly accommodate such a customer.

So much had been printed of the gilded youth's financial situation that every Back Bay debutante as well as adventuress the world over knew that a runaway marriage, without his mother's consent, would be binding for any girl able to vamp him and good for millions in alimony. As an institution of learning Harvard stands second to none, but it is not famous for teaching its students to marry wisely.

Not long ago one of its scions of great wealth and of oldest Massachusetts lineage flew in his plane to Mexico and brought back as his bride the hostess of a notorious Mexican night club and gambling joint. Another equally blue-blooded Harvard youth married the swimming instructress of an ocean liner.

Mrs. Brown, no longer able to command, could only watch and hope. Was it possible that any youth could stand such pressure? It was. He not only was unspoiled but well-trained and it also became apparent that he had inherited a good hard head which steered him through college without any matrimonial entanglements.

Having come into all his millions, he faced schemes of Newport society beauties and their mothers. Here he should find his natural mate to whom his mother could not object provided he chose the right one. But the serious young man found the chatter of high society boresome and is quoted as saying:

"Even the most interesting people, as soon as they put on evening clothes, seem to feel bound to utter nothing but piffle."

His mother seems to have felt the same way for they lived almost like social hermits. It became the youth's habit to go to Europe at the height of the Newport season, falling under the thousand-candle-power eyes of Europe's professional beauties. John looked them all over, admired them, but as wives decided that none would do. This was very nice, but, at the age of 29, it began to look as if he might remain a bachelor permanently, and there would be no heir to the vast Brown fortune. But John Nicholas said that when he saw the right girl he would attend to that matter and sure enough, he did.

The lady of his choice is Miss Anne Seddon Kinsolving, daughter of Rev. Dr. Arthur B. Kinsolving, rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Baltimore, and niece of two bishops, the Right Rev. George Herbert Kinsolving, Bishop of Texas, and the Right Rev. Lucien Lee Kinsolving, Bishop of Southern Brazil. Another uncle is the former Senator William Cabell Bruce, of Maryland.

Anne's lineage is about as old as that of her future husband and she is of equal social rank but not a society butterfly. Miss Kinsolving, since her debut a few seasons back, has earned her living as a newspaper reporter, sports writer, music critic and publicity agent for Suzanne Lenglen during that tennis star's professional tour of the United States.

Though perhaps beautiful, the girl who captured the elusive heart of "America's richest baby" is not exactly pretty, certainly not to the degree of many hundreds of girls on both sides of the Atlantic who have vainly tried their best to bedazzle him.

The first meeting, last April, was at a week-end party and entirely accidental. It was love at first sight and John knew that something had happened to him. So did Miss Kinsolving, but, unlike the other girls, she did not pursue. He had to manage the other meetings. Though he realized the fact that he was in love, the young man hesitated to speak the fatal words. After all there seemed to be no hurry, he ought to make sure of himself and this girl, with the delicate features and sensitive face, might give him the wrong answer, if he were too hasty.

One day, while still pondering the matter, he learned that Miss Kinsolving was in a hospital, under the surgeon's knife, and his hesitations vanished in a panic. He, who had always been able to buy anything he wanted, suddenly saw the possibility of death snatching the only girl in the world from him. The prospect of an empty life, with only a mere hundred millions or so to console him, terrified Mr. Brown. Dashing to the hospital he was relieved to learn that she was out of danger.

It is reported that the young multi-millionaire wanted to buy the institution, in order to manage it himself and make sure that this most precious of patients got the best possible care. With some difficulty the hospital management persuaded the worried youth that this would not be necessary. They were capable of pulling a healthy young woman through an ordinary case of appendicitis, without his assistance.

However, he had not recovered from the shock of fearing that she might die and decided to have the young lady under his own personal management at the earliest possible moment, that he might guard her with his sheltering millions. So, as soon as she was strong enough to consider a very weighty problem, he asked the question and received the right answer. They are to be married early in the Fall. Young Mr. Brown is very happy and so are the families on both sides, but a few hundred fair bosoms heaved a sad sigh. For them, it was just too bad.

Can it be that intelligence and character are eclipsing the beautiful but slightly dumb type which for ages has been considered irresistible to men? The cases of Col. Lindbergh, Gene Tunney and Nelson Rockefeller, the outstanding "catches" of recent years, are giving the empty-headed beauties something to worry about.

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Wild Life in the South American Rain Forest

The Leaves and Branches of Giant Trees Form a Roof 100 Feet Overhead Through Which the Sun Never Shines, But Myriads of Interesting Creatures Swarm in the Steaming Gloom and a Few Primitive People Manage to Exist There

Natives From the Heart of the Rain Forest Crossing a River. They Are Ignorant Even of the Use of Canoes and Do Their Navigating in Rude Rafts Made of Palm Stems.

A Djoema Village on the Bank of a Stream in Dutch Guiana, South America, Showing the Dense Foliage of the Rain Forest, Through Which the Sun Never Shines Except in the Breaks Caused by the Rivers. The Only Inhabitants of This Village Are the Descendants of Escaped Slaves Who Fear to Return to Civilization.

THERE is one place in the world where Nature builds a roof for creatures to live under, like a gigantic greenhouse where rare plants may be safe from drouth and frost. But the green of this gigantic shelter actually is the roof instead of being inside it, for that roof is made of the leaves and branches of giant tree tops towering a hundred feet or more above the soil, about as high as a ten-story building.

This natural greenhouse of the earth's surface is the great belt of what naturalists call "rain forest," stretching around the earth with the equator wherever there are continents or islands at that latitude on which forests can grow.

One great belt of this remarkable rain forest crosses South America just north and south of the equator, occupying the southern part of the three Guianas, British, Dutch and French, also filling with a vast forest cover a wide area in northern Brazil, north of the broad stream of the world's greatest river, the Amazon.

Across the Atlantic in Africa, still in the same wide belt on both sides of the equator, is another strip of the rain forest. Farther still to the eastward, the equator crosses the large islands of Sumatra and Borneo, where again naturalists find the same rain forest. To an aviator watching the earth from far out in space these continuous forest belts might look as though a giant painter had taken a brush full of green paint and striped each continent and island near the equator as these went past in the globe's daily spin.

Recently the belt of rain forest in the colony of British Guiana, in South America, was visited by a scientific expedition from Oxford University, in England, under the leadership of Major R. G. W. Hingston. For nearly four months the scientists lived and worked inside Nature's tent of greenery, seeing the sun only when someone of them climbed a tree trunk tall enough above the ground to look out over the top of the forest like a sailor looking out across the sea. For the matted leaves and branches of this natural roof are so thick, the scientists report, that sunlight never flickers through.

Rain, does, however, for the rain forest is well named. At least once a day, usually twice, torrential storms course across the plain of level tree tops. No rain strikes the ground directly, but the shower gradually trickles through like rain through holes in a leaky roof, to keep the air and ground beneath the trees steaming with water like the washroom of a laundry.

Back to England to be studied by specialists, the expedition has with them thousands of specimens of plants and animals, many believed to be new to science, for the living creatures of the great rain forests of the world are perhaps less known scientifically than any group of creatures on earth, unless it be the stranger ones that people the bottom of the deep sea. Over four thousand sets of plants have been collected and preserved and more than ten thousand insects, including a spider never previously known, which builds its tree-top house with a door to it, resembling the nest of the familiar trap-door spider, but hung in the middle of a suspended web like a house swung from giant cables instead of built underground like the usual door-closed homes of these animals.

Two hundred kinds of lizards and reptiles rewarded the efforts of the scientific collectors and about an equal number of birds, ranging from some of the largest and gaudiest toucans and parrots ever met with anywhere, to tiny, superlatively beautiful humming birds, which spend their days flitting back and forth underneath the shade of the forest's interlaced roof.

Larger animals are rare, the explorers found, in the depths of the rain forest. Perhaps its continual shade and dampness appall them, as happens to men themselves. Yet specimens of tapirs, sloths and deer were encountered, as also a few of the curious armored animals called armadillos, of which the continent of South America possesses a virtual monopoly.

Most plentiful among these larger animals, the English scientists record, were monkeys, for these smaller cousins of mankind seem to share the human characteristic of insatiable curiosity and willingness to go or to live almost anywhere so long as the climate is not too cold for their thinly clad bodies. Five kinds of monkeys were found by the recent expedition living underneath or in the trees of the roofed forest.

Somewhere in the deeper reaches of this unknown land, indeed, may lurk a still more remarkable kind of ape-like creature, for it was near the rain forest of Venezuela, not far westward of where the recent expedition was working, that M. Francois de Loys shot and killed about ten years ago a curious ape said to have resembled the man-like apes of the Old World, the gorilla, the orang-utan and the chimpanzee.

Only a few months ago M. George Montandon, well-known French naturalist, presented an account of M. de Loys' discovery to the scientific world. The specimen, unfortunately, was lost, but the description indicates some ape-like or man-like creatures about which science has no information at all, nor will have any until some venturesome scientific explorer penetrates more deeply into the shades and dampness of the rain forest belt on the fringes of which M. de Loys encountered the strange creature which he shot.

The rain forest, as the recent explorers describe it, is a botanist's paradise. First of all are the trees, towering higher and spaced more closely than trees anywhere else in the world. A few species of these trees are known to science; others have native names like morabukea and wallaba. Still others are believed to be quite unknown to botanists.

So closely matted are the tree tops, the expedition reports, and so thoroughly interlaced are trees and branches by millions of strands of creeping and climbing plants which may reach six inches in thickness, that it sometimes was found almost impossible to cut down a tree selected by the botanists as a specimen. With its trunk cut through, the hundred-foot giant often stood apparently unaffected, its top held upright by the creepers which fastened it to other trees. Sometimes five or six neighboring trees needed to be felled one after another before the creeper would let go of the desired one and allowed it to crash down where its wood, leaves and other plant parts could be sampled.

From the top of the forest the view described by the explorers still further indicates the dense mat of vegetation which the tree tops form, a veritable roof several house-tops above the ground. At one spot the expedition built an observing post on a slender tree which chanced to rise a few feet above the general roof of greenery. This post was 135 feet above the ground, reached by a primitive kind of elevator in a rope swing that went part way, and then by a climb up branches and tree trunk for the rest; an affrighting height to be scaled by anyone accustomed only to fifteen or twenty feet of the farmyard apple tree.

From this isolated post above the tree tops the observer looked out in every direction over a rolling plane of solid green, like a countryside covered with grass except that the real ground was more than a hundred feet below. Brilliant birds flitted here and there in the sunlight, for some of the bird life of the rain forest seems to live altogether in the tree tops, probably never venturing at all into the dark, dank depths below.

Once or twice a day the regular rainstorm swept across the rolling green plain on which the three-top observer seemed to be alone. Perhaps no human being in history ever looked out over a stranger landscape than the members of the expedition to whose lot it fell to occupy, day after day, this elevated post to spy on the unknown life of the tree tops.

Another regular post for an observer was ninety feet or so above the ground, slung in a swing just underneath the leafy roof, so that the birds and especially the insects of that part of the forest could be watched. Much of the life of the rain forest is stratified, like the fish that live at fixed depths in the sea without either rising or sinking very far from the homeland level.

Amid the uppermost branches in the sunlit tree tops live the toucans, macaws, paradise birds and other large birds, which seem never to go much lower. Just underneath the leafy roof are millions of humming birds; some of which were found, however, to nest on the ground although they seemingly spend their entire lives in the lower part of the green branches scores of feet above. Perhaps these birds lived, ages ago, in open country and nested in grass; a habit which they have never lost although now they live beneath the leafy roof.

Farther down below the tree tops are other birds and many species of parasitic plants. Other birds ignore the life strata and live everywhere. Finally, on the ground itself, are reptiles and other creatures. And everywhere, from the top of the sunlit branches to the depths of the sodden soil, are the insects; hundreds of kinds of them, uncountable billions of individuals.

Perhaps most remarkable of all the curious creatures reported by the expedition are the spiders, for the one of these creatures which builds itself a trap-door house suspended on cables of spider web is not the only clever artisan of the family. Another of the tree-top spiders, it is reported by Mr. E. M. Nicholson, of the expedition, swings its home in a kind of small blanket, in which it wraps itself hurriedly and completely when alarmed, doubtless hoping to be mistaken for a useless, inedible bit of fluff or dead leaf by any hungry bird that happens along. Another hides behind artificial twigs made by fastening together bits of leaves, real twigs, insect bodies and other debris by ropes of spider web.

Still stranger are the spiders which Mr. Nicholson describes as living in veritable communities, as many as two hundred of the creatures inhabiting great hammock-like structures swung several feet between two branches. However skilful they may be as architects, these hammock-dwelling spiders are evidently great cowards, for, on the slightest alarm, Mr. Nicholson reports, they swarm out of the home-hammock and drop to the ground.

But this is not the end of the incident, for the spider hammocks also are occupied, apparently as accepted house guests of the rightful owners, by colonies of ants which live amid the leaf debris which soon collects in such a hammock's bottom. Easily deserted by their spider hosts, these ants sally forth bravely to defend the hammock home, not infrequently succeeding in saving from other insect invaders the swinging city from which the spiders so pusillanimously fled.

Adjusted by ages of evolution to the dim light and dampness of rain forest life, these insects and other creatures apparently get along well. Probably things would go less comfortably with man, for human tribes of the rain forest seem sparse and backward all over the world. One detriment of the place for human homes is the continual dampness with the accompanying prevalence of moulds and mildews, which travellers report able to ruin a piece of exposed leather in a single night and which played havoc, the recent expedition admits, with many of their collected specimens.

Another human difficulty is the confined, cooped-up feeling which the rain forest forces on its human guests. From the ground one can see out nowhere. In every direction is merely the dim, shaded extent of the forest, the impenetrable roof above. Even at the margins fixed by lakes or rivers, travellers report, the forest walls itself off with a leafy screen exactly like its roof, so that the inside of the great dim mass is a veritable house, walled and windowless as well as roofed.

The Bow and Arrow Is the Favorite Weapon of the Stone-Age Primitives of Dutch Guiana.

Typical Mother and Child From the Equatorial Jungle. The Women Decorate Their Skins in Ink-Black Patterns.

Rare Photograph of the Only Anthropoid (Ape-Man) Ape Ever Found in the Western Hemisphere. It Was Shot in the Venezuelan Rain Forest.

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Tragic End of Artist Pascin's World Hunt for Happiness

Famous, Wealthy but Bored at 45, He Decided to Die Luxuriously on a Silken-Pillowed Couch, His Life Blood Draining Into Perfumed Bowls of Jade—But Even in This He Was Disillusioned

Artist Pascin's Portrait of Hermine David, His Wife, Who Shares His Fortune With His Model.

PARIS, July 25.

"I HAVE accomplished what I set out to accomplish. Now what shall I do?"

Jules Pascin, one of the few painters who had achieved fame and wealth while still alive and comparatively young, asked that question many times lately. Nobody gave him a satisfactory answer, perhaps because it did not seem very important. There were so many things that a famous and wealthy man might do at the age of forty-five. Why worry?

But Pascin, who had more friends than anyone in Paris, was lonesome, and though celebrated for his wild and astonishing parties, was bored.

The best answer he could find for his own question was suicide.

The other night, at his splendid studio, in the Boulevard de Clichy, next door to "Le Cabaret du Neant," (the Death Cabaret) with its dim lights, skeleton-decorated walls, coffin-shaped tables and waiters dressed as undertakers, he did it.

Jules, like the ancient Romans, sought euthanasia—the pleasant death. The classic method of euthanasia was to open a vein and bleed to death painlessly.

The painter, tired of success and bored with life, tried this, but first he made a will, dividing his property equally between his wife, the former Hermine David, who is said to be a granddaughter of the late Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria-Hungary, and Lucy Krohg, his favorite model.

He also wrote Lucy a last long letter and then, having carefully barred all entrances to the studio, set himself to the task of dying agreeably.

Like a sybarite of old, he stretched himself among the cushions of a silken couch, after carefully placing on each side a perfumed bowl of jade to catch his life-blood. Then he took a razor and slashed the veins in each wrist. It was a very slight pain, doubtless no more than he had expected, and laying his hands comfortably in the bowls, he watched his life start to ebb away, expecting, as the ancients had assured him, that he would slowly, calmly, and pleasantly pass into the next world.

Unfortunately he was doomed to disappointment, the last disillusionment of his life and of which any doctor could have forewarned him had he asked.

The ancients who handed him the story that bleeding to death is a pleasant process did not quite tell the truth. Nature means to make no death pleasant and usually succeeds. Even a fatal dose of morphine causes some very disagreeable moments. The actual bleeding is without pain, but the progressive loss of the vital fluid rouses the body to protests and emergency tactics that are not nice to experience.

The breathing becomes labored, a sweat of weakness pours forth, there is an alarming feeling about the laboring heart and the brain, becoming anemic, is tormented with anxious, confused thoughts and visions instead of the philosophic calm which Pascin had desired.

It was not at all the death-scene he had pictured in his mind and, worst of all, it threatened to last for hours. So the disappointed man was impelled finally to rise from his deathbed and hunt around the studio for quicker means to the next world.

The hunt was a long one, as was proved by the double tracks of crimson over the precious Oriental rugs.

At last he found the cord of a model's robe with which he made a strong enough noose to hang himself to a door knob. As only a portion of his weight pulled on the noose he must have died by slow strangulation. This probability is borne out by the expression of the dead man's face and the widely scattered spots of blood, indicating that his struggles by the door continued a long time.

First, however, he dipped a brush in his own blood and wrote on the wall the name of Lucy Krohg, his beloved model!

If life had proved a disappointment, death must have been even more so.

Lucy Krohg, the Favorite Model Whose Name the Artist Wrote on the Studio Wall in His Life Blood.

Yet this should not have surprised him, for he often said:

"The explanation of life is death."

By this the painter meant that the reason people never seem permanently happy, no matter how triumphantly successful they become, is because they know in the back of their mind that nothing is permanent.

The only certainty is that, in a few years, old age and death will come.

Every man is born under a sentence of capital punishment, whether he be good or bad, only the exact date of his punishment is not known. Therefore he thought that the man or woman with no imagination is fortunate. Like animals, they can be happy whenever they feel neither pain, cold or hunger.

"Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow ye die," he considered admirable philosophy, but impossible for the man with imagination enough to see the sword of Damocles that hangs over every head and with the intelligence to know that sooner or later it will inevitably fall.

After friends had knocked on his door three days in vain, the police were summoned to break it in, and great was the astonishment in all circles of Parisian life, for Pascin had been a much envied man, going about with a smiling face and a laugh at all things, especially the tragic. "A man may smile and smile and be a villain" but can he also be unhappy? And at all these parties of his, wild, uproarious, convention-defying, everyone had a gorgeous good time. Could it be that the man who gave the parties, paid the bills and seemed gayest of all was so unhappy that he was unable to tolerate existence any longer? It was not that his hand had lost its cunning as proved by Pascin's latest exhibition being hailed as among his best.

Slowly, the sorrowing friends put together the various bits of philosophy he had uttered and then they saw revealed the true portrait of the painter's mind. He had said all these things with a genial smile and therefore nobody had taken them seriously.

"Life is a fraud," he declared "and man is perpetually cheated. As a boy he is promised that if he has ability, perseverance and luck he will become great, wealthy and honored. This is true, but when he reaches his goal he finds he has been swindled and all his striving is for nothing. Wealth, fame and honor are empty because they bring no happiness—nothing brings that.

"A modern husband is only a domesticated animal who returns at night from work to be sheared, fed and bedded down by his wife. His home is only an ambush in which, during the day, his wife has set traps for him. I feel like a laborer who has worked hard and long on the promise of a certain number of francs reward and then finds that the money will not buy him any of the things he wants."

He used to refer to life as "the egg." Asked why, Pascin would relate his favorite story of the optimistic waiter who replied to a customer's complaint that the egg he had just opened was bad:

"There is some good in everything. Eat the rest of it, sir."

His funeral procession was so long that it dislocated the traffic of Paris. Among the famous artists attending his funeral were Foujita, Kisling, Chagal, Laborde, Touchagues, Paulais, Braque and Marcouis. Other celebrities included Dubreuil, Papasoff, Eisenmann, Rim, Friesz, Fels, Cheriane, Faurec, Zadkine, Prax, Ray, Ramo, Galanis, Mazaraki, Ceria, Kayser, Kars, Sauvage and Deanor.

The long cortege, that wound from the Montmartre studio to the cemetery of St. Ouen, represented every nationality, all walks of life. Side by side with great painters, poets and romancers were cafe-waiters—rich from Pascin's princely "pourboires"—sobbing little models, wealthy Americans who play at patronizing the arts, and long-haired expatriates escaped from Greenwich Village. Beautiful Aicha was there, an exotic mulatress model Pascin had discovered one night while walking the boulevards, and whom he made famous. And following the bier were dancers, singers, students, and street-beggars the painter had befriended.

Most interesting of all and a sight that would hardly have been seen at a funeral in America, was the spectacle of Hermine, the wife, and Lucy, the beloved model, side by side and no hostilities. They had been rivals in love during the painter's life, were to share fifty-fifty in his estate and now were rivals in shedding tears at his death. Spectators agreed that, tear for tear, the two women were about equal, but it was the wife, not the model, who fainted dramatically across the grave.

This bore only a plain black marker with the words: "Jules Pascin, 45," but a subscription is being taken for a piece of land and a suitable monument in either Montmartre or Montparnasse cemetery, worthy of the dissatisfied genius.

The hearse was covered with roses and wreaths were sent by people in all walks of life and even by the "Coupole" and "Dome" Cafes, where Pascin had been a profitable patron. The poet Andre Salmon endeavored to read some verses he had written for the occasion, but burst into sobs and could not finish. Unfortunately nobody could read his handwriting.

Pascin's real name was Julius Pincas and he was born in the Bulgarian village of Widdin. In Bulgaria huge families are necessary on account of the great numbers of inhabitants shot in the constant Balkan wars or, as some say, the wars are necessary in order to shoot the surplus population, caused by the high birth rate.

Anyhow Julius had many brothers and sisters whom he detested because they liked to irritate his artistic temperament. He tied a string to his chair, and would always rather go hungry than sit in one that had been occupied by a brother or sister.

On account of their alleged meanness, as soon as Julius left home he changed his name to Jules Pascin that his family might never be able to bask in the fame that he was sure he was going to win. Studying at the age of 15, in Vienna, some of the cartoons he had made of members of his family came under the eyes of the noted writer Gustav Meyrink, who introduced him to the editor of "Simplicissimus," Munich's comic weekly. There he received a salary of 400 marks a month, remarkable pay for his age and before the war. In 1905 he moved to Paris, installing himself at Montmartre, near the Place Pigalle, opposite the "Rat Mort." In a surprisingly short time his original genius brought him fame and fortune.

Pascin loved the company of clever young men and women. When hard work in his atelier failed to drive off ennui, he sought amusement. It was not unusual to see him sally forth from his studio, on Saturday night, followed by fifty care-free couples—street-singers, models, cabaret-dancers, negro poets from Madagascar, Swedish painters and students from Germany, Roumania and America. A general surrounded by his staff felt no more pride or pleasure than this prodigal son of Art in the midst of his nondescript troop of Bohemians. This "enfant terrible" knew all Montmartre's dives and diversions, and made it his duty to initiate his disciples in their mysteries.

At "bistros" and "boites-de-nuit" he would order their drinks and dinners and foot the bills. He sympathized with unfortunate artists, not only paying them compliments on their works, but paying for their suppers.

Pascin spent several years in the United States seeking that elusive happiness, became a naturalized citizen and there met his wife. But he returned to Paris, where he finally found it, perhaps, in the grave.

Jules Pascin, Who at 45 Was Tired of the World, Although Rich, Famous and the Most Popular Artist in Paris.

Le Dome Cafe, Where Pascin Often Entertained Crowds of Admirers and Lesser Artists.

Disappointed in His Desire for a Pleasant Death by Opening His Veins, Artist Pascin He Found a Cord of a Sought a Quicker Means to the Next World. Model's Robe With Which He Made a Strong Enough Noose to Hang Himself to a Doorknob. First, However, He Dipped a Brush in His Own Blood and Wrote on the Wall the Name of Lucy Krohg, His Beloved Model.

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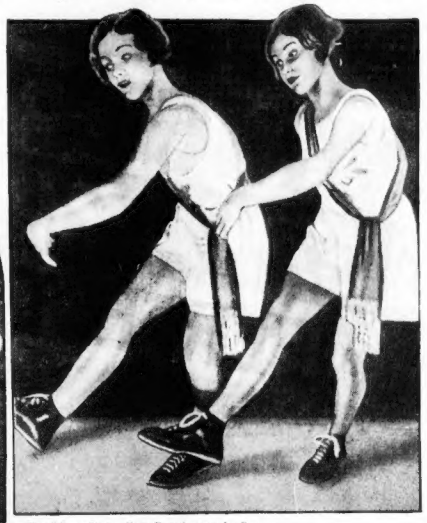
Doll-Faced Beauties Not Wanted

Curious Shift of Popular Taste From the Big, Starry-Eyed, Baby-Faced Blondes in the Chorus and as Manikins and Dummies in the Hat Shop Windows to an Entirely Different Type of Feminine Features



The Schoop Sisters, Great Favorites on the German Stage and Billed on the Programs and Posters as "Die Sexappeal Schwestern"—the Sex Appeal Sisters.

Mlle. Parisys, Now a Reigning Favorite in the Paris Revues, Who Was Formerly a Manikin, but in Spite of Irregular Features and a Very Long Nose Quickly Rose Out of the Chorus to the Principal Role.

NOTHING happens without a cause and anything so startling and revolutionary as the recent, world-wide repudiation of nearly all the standards by which women used to be admired and chosen for wives, must have a very powerful and important cause.

The doll-faced, wide-eyed, fluffy, baby-stare, trusting, clinging-vine type of beauty appears to be obsolete, as anyone can see by studying the stage, screen, fashion manikins, beauty contests and newspaper pictures of girls who marry Lindberghs, Tunneys and other matrimonial trophies. Who or what has brought this about and why?

The "eternal feminine", at least outwardly, is not so eternal after all and perhaps not so feminine but subject to sudden and violent change. The first stenographers who caused alarm to wives of employers were "Gibson Girls," with starry eyes and plump figures. Now the one who lunches with the boss has a sharp, keen face, no more shape than a match and, likely as not, a Golliwog haircut.

Only fifteen years ago, no man or woman would have seen any traces of beauty or prettiness in such a girl. Even her own mother would have admitted that she was at a disadvantage and would never get a decent job or a worthwhile husband, either.

Somebody or something has, in less than a generation, caused the entire fair sex of most of the world to wish and strive to be what their mothers would have considered a calamity. Perhaps the queerest part of the transformation is how man was made to fit into the new scheme. All the feminine styles of clothes, figure, manner, etc., were supposed to be for his benefit and allurement. As nearly all the desirable men got married there was every reason to believe that the old style girl suited the male pretty well.

What possessed woman to suddenly abandon a sure thing and try to be something else? Perhaps she is being herself for the first time in many centuries, but it was taking an awful chance. Man's cheerful acquiescence in having his age-old ideal of loveliness snatched away and something very strange and different handed him in its place may mean, as has often been said before, that the male has really little to say about which particular woman is to bring sunshine into his life.

Prof. Rene Duchemin, of the Sorbonne University, believes this deliberate throwing away of feminine prettiness is a protective move to save the necessary institution of marriage from destruction by divorce. The professor points out that until quite recent times, marriage was a life sentence. Once in, there was no hope of escape till death, except literally to run away and become a fugitive from justice.

No matter how husband and wife disliked each other, they had to stay and fight it out to the bitter end. Therefore, for Nature's purposes, it was only necessary that the man should be able to provide a home and that the woman should have a face and form that would lure him into marrying her.

That mentally they had nothing in common was usually not discovered until after the fatal words had been said and was just too bad because nothing could be done about it. It was the almost universal opinion of women in the past that a girl with a bright mind should conceal it from the man she wished to marry. The male was supposed to insist on looking down mentally as well as physically on his life-partner.

Prof. Duchemin states that modern, easy divorce has made it necessary for the first time for husbands and wives to be compatible. The lure of a pretty face with nothing behind it may still be effective in leading a man to the altar as of old. But when, after the honeymoon, the couple finds it has made a great mistake, one of them goes to Reno and corrects it. Down the centuries men and women were forced to fit themselves to matrimony but now, since there is an escape, matrimony is on the defensive and will have to be fitted to human needs or go the way of other outworn things.

For the ancient institution of monogamy to survive, men and women must no longer be lured into marriage as into a steel trap, thinks the professor. Partners must be congenial and compatible and must find it out before they marry. To achieve this aim, man has done practically nothing, probably because there was little he could do. The woman has done it all.

The French professor does not think that the fair sex acted with deliberate foresight but rather by instinct and intuition. With one gesture after another, she threw away her ancient armory of more or less concealed weapons, her mystery and sex-lure. The bobbed hair, the bobbed skirt, even the one-piece bathing suit, in the long run, were not what the reformers inveighed against, attempts to lead susceptible males astray, but to let them see her without any mystery.

Complexions fade, hair turns gray, figures do not last. "Believe me if all those endearing young charms," runs the song, but it is enduring old charms that matrimony needs and these are only to be found in the mind. Woman is valiantly trying to win her husband on an intrinsic basis, not on a purely decorative one. She can afford to pick a congenial mate because, in these days, there are plenty of good jobs for women. They no longer need to marry for bread and butter. It has been said that woman, confronted with the two evils of work or matrimony, chooses whichever she thinks the lesser, while man, the book, chooses both. Of course neither should be an evil.

As an example of how far woman has gone in setting mind over mere fascination of face and form, Prof. Duchemin cites the example of Mlle. Parisys, one of the most celebrated and successful of French stage stars. Less than a generation ago she would have needed the genius of a Bernhardt to have succeeded except as a character actress. Her hair is of the lovely blonde sort and her eyes and mouth are attractive according to old ideas, but her countenance is dominated, almost devastated, by a large, strong, masculine nose. A powerful character and a brilliant mind are indicated by that nose but beauty, never. Yet the number of handsome, noble and wealthy gentlemen who would like to sit across the breakfast table from her is probably equal to the admirers of many historic beauties.

Mme. Koumine, One of the Most Popular and Successful of the Paris Manikins. She Very Well Represents the Modern Mature Type of Dressmakers' "Clothes-Horse," Quite Different From the Doll-Faced Beauty No Longer in Vogue.

Alice Diplarskos, Chosen From All the Contestants of All Europe in the Recent European Beauty Contest. Theatrical Producers of the Days of Lillian Russell Would Hardly Have Picked This Modern Type for a Chorus Beauty.

Beatrice Lillie, Chorus Girl in a British Revue, Who Climbed Out of the Chorus and Quickly Reached Stardom—But Not Because She Was the Type of Baby-face Beauty Once Regarded as Essential for a Beautiful Chorus Girl.

Mlle. Parisys was a manikin before she went on the stage, which calls attention to the fact that these "clothes horses" have long since ceased to be statuesque beauties with china doll faces. American and English women put an end to that type soon after the war. The customer, watching a stately and gorgeous creature drafted from some stage chorus, walking past with mincing steps, would say:

"Yes, the gown is very beautiful on her, but I don't look like her at all and it would not look like that on me." And off she would go without purchasing anything. When it was seen that beauties were no longer effective as manikins, the dressmakers of Europe and America were at their wits' ends for substitute. At present they are snapping up every woman they can find with culture and brains. Not many are available at manikin's pay which rarely runs as high as $50 a week, but each year death or financial disaster makes it necessary for a certain number of women to seek a living who are educated, intelligent and to the manner born, but untrained.

These society manikins are not beautiful, many would hardly be called good looking, some are far from young but they have brains and poise. The customers feel that they also possess at least one of those two assets and are willing to believe that the gown might become them also.

The wax dummies to display gowns and hats in otherwise beautiful store windows also took a violent change from baby-doll beauties to strained, distorted looking faces carved from wood. Apparently the sculptor meant to convey the suggestion of a woman in the throes of deep thought, but to men these new dummies were rather repulsive and they have often wondered if any woman could possibly have ambitions to look like that. No woman will admit having a face like those wooden caricatures in the milliner's window or that she wants to, but just the same they sell the goods.

Raquel Meller, European, and later American, star of the stage was by no means rated as a beauty in the Spanish convent from which she ran away to France. After walking the streets of Paris in search of a job, she finally got one selling flowers and then rose to fame, not through beauty, but a personality that indicated some intelligence and a great amount of emotion. Had Miss Meller been born 15 years earlier she would probably be still selling flowers or be back in the convent again.

Beatrice Lillie, who rose from the chorus of Charlot's Revue and within the last two years achieved stardom in America and England, was frankly selected for her vivacity and personal charm, though she was far from the baby doll or perfect beauty type. The most famous of all the French manikins is Mme. Sandor, the wife of Prof. Sandor, founder of the Paris Academy of Mannequins. Neither she, her husband nor anyone else accuses her of being a beauty. She might resent it.

The manikin schools in Paris and London, at the moment, are suffering from hard times because the dressmakers have come to the conclusion that the artificial, mincing walk, stagey gestures and postures which are part of their training annoy the hard-headed modern woman customer, who wants the "clothes horse" to walk around like an ordinary woman.

There was a time, before the upheaval of the World War, that Germany boasted the most feminine and beautiful entertainers to be found on the stage in any European country. Even staid Britishers and vivacious Frenchmen were frank to admit that Berlin was the place to go to find show-girls with sex appeal in abundance. Vienna, famed as the "City of Beautiful Women," conceded that its neighbors to the north had unimpeachable taste in pulchritude.

But at the end of the war all that went out almost as suddenly as did the Kaiser. For several years visitors and even the soldiers of the various armies of occupation, who are not the most particular men in the world, could see little to get excited about in the girls who appeared and were loudly applauded on the Teutonic stage. More often than not these favorites are sturdy young women who go through a routine of dancing more athletic than aesthetic, and who seem to make little attempt to appeal to the warmer emotions of their audiences.

As an example of this change in German taste, consider the Schoop Sisters, whose photograph is shown on this page. In the eyes of Americans, Englishmen and Continentals other than the Germans, they have little to recommend them. Yet in Berlin these rather plain and sturdily built girls are known as "Die Sexappeal Schwestern"—the Sex Appeal Sisters.

Many reasons for the success of the Schoop sisters and others of their type have been advanced by those who deplore what they call the slump in Teuton taste. But the most plausible explanation seems to be that Germany has gone athletic since the Armistice.

Like other parts of the civilized world the German Republic has lost interest in the merely pretty girl, but seems to have specialized on the heavily-muscular, young, feminine person, rather than the mental type which is having its vogue elsewhere.

In 1926 Europe sent to the U. S. A. six prize beauties supposed to be the loveliest on the other side of the Atlantic. Instead of making a million dollars, almost nobody paid to see them and their manager went bankrupt. After this sad happening there was a rapid change in the type of beauty contest winners. Mlle. Elizabeth Siman, of Hungary, was deemed by a French jury of artists the most perfect specimen in Europe, but England and America said she was neither beautiful nor even feminine. Nobody wants beauty contest winners in the movies any more. But somebody must still be interested in beauty to support all the beauty shoppes.

The Type of Dummy Used by Milliners and Dressmakers of the Moment—Quite Different From the Starry-eyed, Pearless-and-Cream Complexions, and Round, Plump Cheeks Commonly Seen in the Shop Windows a Few Years Ago.

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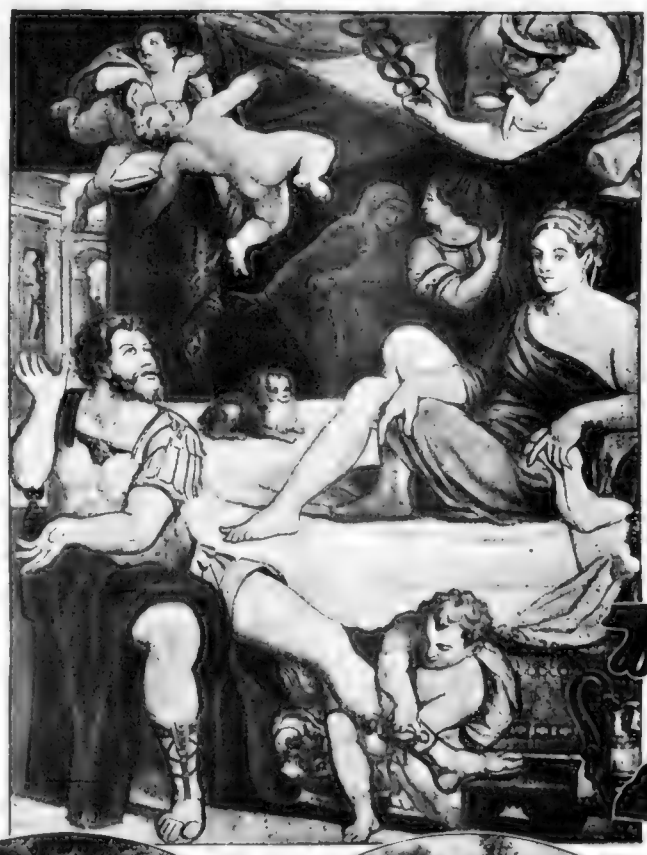
SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM
MINT LEAF FLAVOR
THE FLAVOR LASTS
AFTER EVERY MEAL
Adds a Zest
and Helps Digest

Built by the Trojan Hero Who So Cruelly Deserted Queen Dido?

Remarkable Discoveries Among the Ancient Ruins of Buthrotum in Albania Which Seem to Show That a New City Was Erected Here by Refugees From Troy, Destroyed Because of the Abduction of the Immortal Helen by Paris

Head of the Roman Emperor Augustus, Found at Buthrotum. One of the Finest Portraits of This Monarch Ever Unearthed

A Head of Bacchus, the God of Wine as a Young Man, Found in the Ruins.



Interesting Old Painting Representing Mercury, the Messenger of the God Jupiter, Summoning Aeneas From the Side of Queen Dido—The Ancient "Abibi" That Caused Her to Mount Her Funeral Pyre and Burn Herself to Death as the Hero Sailed Away.

Statue of an Unknown Goddess Found at Buthrotum, Which May Represent Aeneas's Memory of the Deserted Queen Dido.

REMARKABLE discoveries of ancient Greek and Roman times—beautiful statues of gods and goddesses, heads of emperors and kings and altars of pagan divinities—have just been made at Buthrotum, in Albania, by the Italian Archeological Mission.

Albania is a wild country, only brought under a semblance of civilized government since the war, but in very ancient times it was near the heart of the world's culture. The city of Buthrotum, also called Bouthrintus and Butrinto, was always known to be a site of great importance, but there has never been any opportunity until now to dig thoroughly beneath the soil.

Buthrotum, the archeologists have now discovered, was probably rebuilt immediately after the fall of Troy. According to ancient traditions and legends, it was founded by Helenus, son of King Priam of Troy, who married Andromache, widow of Hector, the principal Trojan champion, after the latter was killed by Achilles. As a matter of fact, Buthrotum was in existence long before, but it was customary among old poets to credit a hero with being the founder of any place which he rebuilt.

Certainly Buthrotum was a flourishing city soon after the Trojan war and during the wanderings of Ulysses and Aeneas and the many interesting adventures described in those early masterpieces of literature, Homer's Odyssey and Virgil's Aeneid.

The Aeneid says that Aeneas, the Trojan hero, in his wanderings after the fall of Troy, landed in Epirus with his followers, where he found his countryman, Helenus, had founded a kingdom. The present Albania was part of Epirus. Helenus and his wife entertained the wanderers very hospitably. Then, according to the Aeneid, they were driven by angry Juno, assisted by the wind god, across the Mediterranean Sea to Carthage, where the hero had the famous love episode with Queen Dido, whom he treated so cruelly.

But Virgil was composing a narrative designed to make a majestic, coherent and rational history of the Trojan hero who founded Rome, and became the ancestor of all the Caesars, and it is probable that he changed or twisted facts to suit his purpose. Evidence has been found that it was after he deserted Dido, and not before, that Aeneas founded or partially rebuilt the city of Buthrotum.

The hostility of Juno is given as the reason why Aeneas journeyed so far out of his way to Rome as Carthage. The divine anger is also perhaps an excuse for his deserting Dido, since it explains that it was never his intention to linger in this part of the world.

Dido was a remarkable early woman, who, being left a widow and threatened with death by her husband's enemies, ran away from Tyre with her brother's navy and built the great city of Carthage, which was destined to become the rival of Rome itself.

Aeneas and his companions, torn and battered by storms and sufferings, landed at Carthage and were received with noble hospitality and generosity by Dido. The wanderer filled her ears with thrilling stories of his adventures, and she conceived an ardent passion for him and accepted the wanderer as a husband.

Aeneas here found every delight and luxury a man could desire. This is generally regarded as the earliest love marriage. Months passed away in delightful fashion and it seemed that the hero had forgotten the mission to found Rome imposed upon him by the higher gods.

Seeing this, Jupiter dispatched Mercury—so Virgil says—with a message to order Aeneas to resume his voyage. The hero then abruptly deserted the bride, who had succored him in misfortune and raised him to the highest position on her realm. The blow to poor Dido's affection and her pride was more than she could endure. When she found that he had actually sailed away, she ordered a funeral pyre to be prepared on the beach. Then, having first stabbed herself, the great Queen mounted the pyre and was burned to ashes.

The flames rising over Carthage were seen by Aeneas and the departing Trojans as they sailed out of the harbor. Virgil says that Aeneas did not know their cause, but can we believe he was entirely ignorant of the tragedy his cruel act had caused?

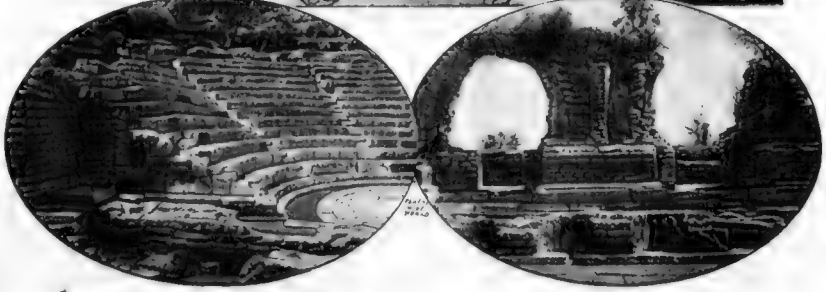
Virgil relates that Aeneas then sailed directly for Italy, where he succeeded in founding Rome without much further delay.

Virgil's epic narrative would not have been so thrilling if he had made his hero go first to Buthrotum and build a new city after leaving Carthage, which is what some scholars now believe he really did.

The discoveries made at Buthrotum by the Italian Archeological Mission include a part of the Acropolis, with its public buildings, a temple, a theatre, and many statues and inscriptions of historic value, all emphasizing the importance of the city, both during the ancient Greek and the Roman period.

Dr. Luigi Ugolini, the head of the Mission, states that one of the first buildings to come to light during the excavation of the Acropolis was a shrine of Aesculapius, the god of medicine, consisting of two rooms. In the inner one of these were certain statues, a large number of dedicatory inscriptions, and over three hundred images, most of them of terra-cotta and in a state of perfect preservation. These represent thanksgivings offered to the god by those acknowledging cures.

Near this shrine, digging disclosed a fine theatre. The building itself is of the third century B. C., but the stage was evidently reconstructed thoroughly during the Roman era. The right wall of the theatre is covered with Greek inscriptions which are honorary decrees of the city, appointing distinguished strangers "proxeni" (or patrons).



Fragments of the Acropolis of Buthrotum, Where Great Religious Ceremonies Copying Those of Troy Were Held

A Corner of the Great Greek Theatre in Ancient Buthrotum

In company with these are an immense collection of the counterfeit coin of slaves. The back wall of the stage has niches for statues and other pieces of sculpture, and many of these works have come to light. Some of them are Greek and some Roman and almost all are of exquisite workmanship.

One very excellent statue of a woman, in the manner of Praxiteles, and larger than life-size, may be compared with the example from Herculaneum which is in the Museum at Dresden. The finest, which is also larger than life-size, Dr. Ugolini calls "the Goddess of Buthrotum." This represents a deity still unidentified, and it is certainly an original Greek work.

Some archeologists are inclined to the opinion that this statue embodies the repentant Aeneas's memory of the deserted Queen Dido converted into a goddess.

Among the Roman masterpieces pride of place must be given to a magnificent head of the Emperor Augustus, which, if it were not so damaged, would probably be recognized as the finest portrait of this Emperor ever found in a Greek province. Another portrait-head is believed to show Agrippa, victor at the naval battle at Actium in 31 B. C.

The remains prove that the city was of great importance even before the days of Troy and Homer down to those of the Roman Empire. The Shrine of Aesculapius shows that it was a center of Greek civilization, for this god was tremendously venerated by the Greeks, who raised the care of their bodies and their health to the place of a religion.

Mythology pays an extraordinary testimonial to the ability of Aesculapius as a physician. It says that he was killed by Zeus with a thunderbolt, because Pluto complained that Hades was being depopulated through the success of Aesculapius in keeping people alive.

Among the remains found in the Shrine of Aesculapius is a table used to bear offerings from those who had recovered from illness. Further search, it is expected, will reveal other articles

A Tray for Receiving Votive Offerings, Found in the Ruins of the Temple of Aesculapius at Buthrotum.

[illegible] of the remains [illegible]

The worship of Bacchus, the god of wine [illegible] was evidently not confined [illegible] to Aesculapius [illegible] at Buthrotum [illegible] head of the Bacchus god, unearthed in the ruins, belongs to the best period of [illegible] art.

The researches on the site of old Buthrotum are also of great interest, because it is believed they will explain how ancient Troy was laid out. According to the ancient legend, the Trojans, who escaped death during the siege of Troy, [illegible] new city of [illegible] very design to [illegible] But Buthrotum [illegible] and archeologists [illegible] picture of [illegible]

The picks and shovels of the scientists have [illegible] evidence of an [illegible] civilization, from the prehistoric Age [illegible] so-called Venetian [illegible] for the high [illegible] in the suburbs of [illegible] have been found which have belonged to inhabitants of the place long before the dawn of history. All of these implements are of [illegible]

The walls of the city, some of which have been uncovered, bear evidence of not only Greek and Roman, but of Byzantine workmanship, and over the site of the ancient community stand the ruins of a Venetian castle believed to have been built as a defense against the pirates who infested the Mediterranean and adjacent waters in the Middle Ages.

Many interesting objects of daily life have been found in addition to the art treasures described. Among these humbler finds are an ancient [illegible] well, built by old Roman artisans highly skilled in [illegible] work, and a beautiful [illegible] fountain.

The Greek theatre at Buthrotum will prove of great value in studying the life and history of the distant past. The walls bear a great number of inscriptions referring to actors of the period and occurrences of the time. There are comments on political contests then going on and satirical remarks about the Governor and the Mayor. Some of these remarks are of a more extreme and unbushing character than would be used in political contests today and in many cases they are illustrated by lively little drawings.

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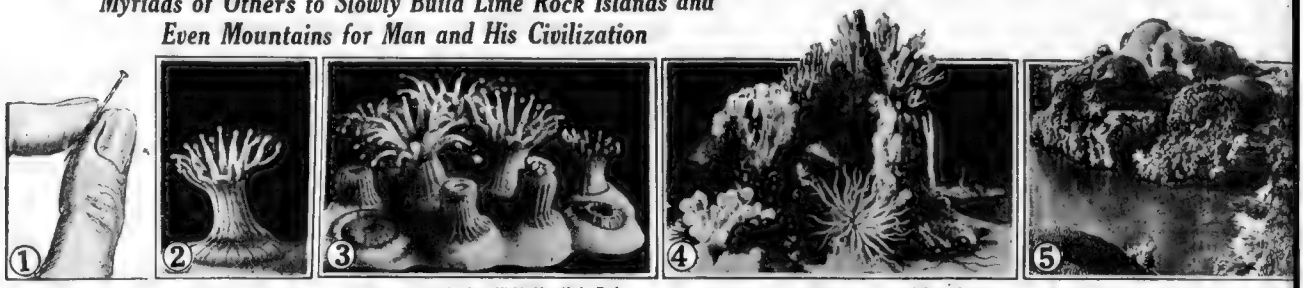
How the Little Coral Polyp Has Changed the

Patiently, from Earliest Ages, the Almost Invisible Creature Has Lived, Died and Added His Little Skeleton to Myriads of Others to Slowly Build Lime Rock Islands and Even Mountains for Man and His Civilization



1—The Almost Invisible Coral Polyp Is in Some Varieties Smaller Than the Head of a Pin.

2—Coral Polyp, Greatly Magnified, Showing Its Waving Tentacles and Sting-Cells.

3—A Group of Coral Polyps, Highly Magnified. Each Is a Sac-Like Animal, With an Oval Mouth Opening at the Top, Surrounded by a Circlet of Tentacles Armed With Sting-Cells. They Have the Power of Transforming the Dissolved Carbonate of Lime in the Sea Water Into the Solid Limestone on Which the Living Polyps Are Seated in a Continuous Layer. *(From American Museum of Natural History, N. Y.)*

4—A Group of Various Forms of Tropical Coral Forming a Clump. On the Dead Lime Shells of These Polyps New Living Polyps Fasten and in Turn Die and Produce a Layer of Lime Skeletons Upon Which Other Colonies Grew.

5—At Last the Continual Upward Growing M Polyps Upon Foundations of Skeletons of Dead Polyps Reach the Surface of the Sea and turesque Groups at Low Tide.

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IF IT were not for the tireless energy through millions of years of the little coral polyp, many of the most beautiful temples and palaces built by man never would have come into being. The tiny coral skeletons form the main basis not only of large areas of the land on which man lives, but of many rocks whence mortar and portland cement are made.

Without its aid the great Mayan civilization in Central America could not have developed its art and culture, and even Yucatan, on which one phase of this culture flourished, might never have risen from the bottom of the sea. Dissolving of their skeletons helped furnish the lime with which particles of sea sand were cemented together into sandstone, forming the foundation of other land and supplying an easily handled building material. Science finds that one of the greatest transformations, from a quantity point of view, going on in the world today, is the conversion of carbonate of lime taken from salt water and manufactured into limestone rocks.

Not all the limestone in the world has been formed by the coral polyps, for there exist in the sea myriads of bacteria and other tiny creatures of the microbe class which also possess this secret of extracting the elements of limestone from water and precipitating them in solid form. In the ocean near Bermuda, for example, biologists have found hundreds of square miles of water made milky by the white, limy powder which these tiny chemical workers of the ocean produce. In ancient limestones, too, geologists have found traces of these same lime-making bacteria. But many of the world's limestones, both those now being formed and others formed in past ages, contain in their masses the skeletons of coral polyps, proving that it was these humble but potent animals that built the rocks.

The mighty work of these creatures, some of whom are no bigger than the head of a pin, puzzled the great Darwin, father of evolution. He understood how accumulation of their limy remains, each glued to the next, could cause limestone reefs to grow from the bottom at the rate of one foot in each eleven and a half years until they made islands and even great additions to continents. But he also knew that the coral does not thrive below 100 to 150 feet down, and much lower than that cannot exist at all. Yet the great scientist had found evidence of islands with bases that ran down to 250 feet and more. It seemed to him that the basis of these coral islands projecting up from such depths must have been laid when the water was shallower at those points, and he is considered right in that today.

However, he assumed that the bottom must have subsided so slowly that the polyps at the top could keep building upward at a rate that would prevent them from falling below the fatal depth or that the bottom, if it did drop too low, later heaved up again from time to time, permitting renewed activity until finally they reached the top. In later years geologists have come to consider that it was not the bottom of the sea that rose and fell to accommodate the little builders, but rather the oceans themselves which alternately filled up and shrank.

As three-fifths of the earth's surface is water, to reduce the depths of the seven seas to any such extent would require the pumping away and later returning of quantities that stagger the imagination. The atmosphere is a pump, capable in time of doing this, but as fast as it sucks up water in one place it drops it in another, as rain or snow, so that the oceans neither win nor lose. In what reservoir could such prodigious quantities of water be stored, and how did it get back to the ocean again?

The missing water was stored, it is suspected, in the form of ice during the ice ages, not only at the poles, but over most of the North American Continent and Europe to a depth of 3,000 to 10,000 feet, and at the Southern Hemisphere a similar locking up of water as ice went on. All of this was taken from the oceans by the air, and because it was dropped on the land as snow that had no chance to melt, failed to trickle down to the rivers and back to the sea.

Nobody is certain what chilled the earth to the glacier-forming temperature during the ice ages, nor what warmed it up enough to thaw between times. Some forms of life were unable to accommodate themselves to such unpleasant changes. Others, like man, with his big brain, and the lowly coral polyp, with no brain at all, managed to survive and even turn them to account, prospering out of adversity. The coral cannot live in water with an average temperature lower than 68 degrees Fahrenheit, and yet coralline rocks are to be found in polar regions. During the chilly ice ages the coral had to back down nearer the equator, but seized upon any submarine volcano tip or mud flat which the low waters brought to within 150 feet of the surface to begin new colonies. When the waters rose again they fell to work upon what had been dry land during the preceding ice age.

During one of these shifts the coral polyps discovered a vast stretch of ocean bottom at the southeastern extremity of the Gulf of Mexico, just the right depth, and on it built the coralline rock on which the Mayans later were to develop a civilization higher in some respects than anything that existed in Europe or Asia at the time. In the South Seas sometimes they built only little islands and atolls, but the Great Barrier Reef of Australia contains 33,000 square miles, equal to two-thirds of the State of New York, all created by creatures hardly bigger than barnacles.

The coral is a cousin of the sea anemone and quite like it except that the anemone is a soft creature, all tissue, while the coral grows a jacket around and under itself of hard lime. When the anemone dies it leaves only a pleasant memory in the mind of the fish or crab that devoured its remains, but the coral has built itself a limestone monument, which in time the plants, animals and finally man himself is bound to respect, recording some of them on his maps as habitable land and other on charts as sure death to ships.

Even if it grew a stone suit of clothes, the anemone would make no changes in the map of the world, because it is an individualist. The first corals were individualists, too, and their direct descendants are not builders for that reason. It was only when some of them got the habit of welding their small skeletons together in sizeable hunks of various shapes that they became makers of new real estate.

A coral structure begins by the arrival of a tiny, free-swimming coral larva, a microscopic creature which perhaps fastens itself to the tip of a ledge or of a submarine volcano that has recently thrust itself to within the required distance from the ocean's surface and is in clear, warm water. It is a pear-shaped body, covered with minute hairs, by which it rows itself through the water. The coral larva does not rely on its own power for transportation to great distances, for this is done for it by ocean currents and trusts to luck, which, 999 times out of a hundred, is destined to be bad.

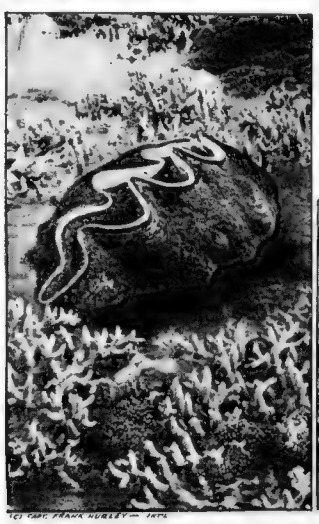
When the lucky larva finds a good location, the base of the "pear" spreads out into a broad disk attached to the rock or mud, while the upper end pushes itself in to form a mouth and finally a stomach. Immediately the skeleton begins to form on the outside, and when it grows to full size the little creature is completely encased.

From the mouth grow little filaments, which draw in its food, composed of minute plants and animals, to the stomach. In quite a few kinds of coral there are poisonous filaments which sting the food creatures to death or paralysis. These are sufficiently powerful to enter the skin of a human being careless enough to dive down and grasp a "poison" coral. It leaves a painful mark like a nettle rash.

If this were one of the solitary species of coral it would, from time to time, give birth to free-swimming larvae, which in turn would swim hopefully away to find new locations, while the original remained alone and an individualist till it died. But the rock-building coral has a second and more important method of reproduction by building in almost any direction, causing a new coral creature to grow, attached firmly by its carbonate of lime shell to the parent. The child also buds and so forth, forming a branching, flower-like growth. As the lower and older units of the colony die, the structure collapses, layer by layer at the bottom, forming the coral mud of which some limestone rocks are made, while the growth goes on above and at the sides.

Other species, such as the brain-coral, weld themselves closely into solid boulders, with convolutions on the outside, resembling those of the human brain. Whatever the type of rock-building polyp, the living specimens are on the outside, while within all are dead. For a while the colony expands upwards and on all sides. When the top reaches low water mark the upgrowth

A Modern South American Native Lad, His Home, His the Lime Rock of Her Hab Been Formed by the Dead Myriads of Little Coral P Began Long Before Man Ca



(C) CAPT. FRANK HURLEY — INT'L

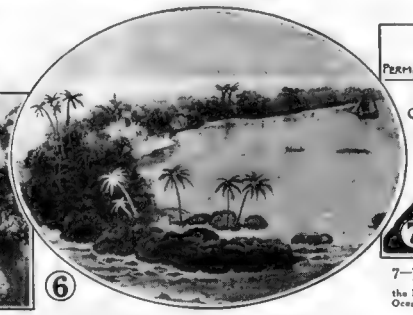
Scene at Low Water on a Coral Reef, and Showing a Giant Clam.

White Coral Roads—As Soon as the Vegetation of the Surface Is Scratched the Underlying Coral Rock Is Observed.

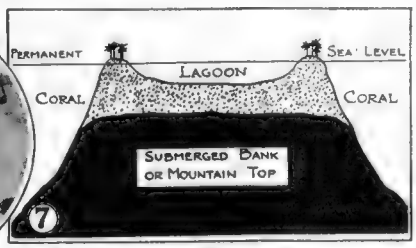
Ruins of One of the Great Temples at Chichen Itza, Yucatan. Skeletons of Little Prehist

Face of the Earth and Influenced Mankind

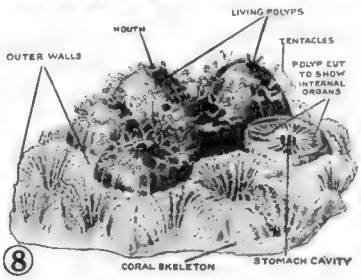
...ases of Living Coral Countless Millions of ...Are Exposed in Pic-



6—Gradually the Uppermost Layers of Coral Are Broken Off by the Waves and Form a Lime Beach or Island Above the Reach of the Tide, and on This the Vegetation Gradually Forms.



7—The Well-Known Palm-Crested Edges of the Tropical Lagoons, Which Are Formed by the Coral Polyps, Which Grow Faster on the Edges, Where They Have Better Access to the Nourishment of the Ocean Waters and More Quickly Reach the Surface.



8—Model of a West Indian Coral Group, Showing Mouth, Tentacles, Interior Mechanism and Lime Skeleton of the Little Creatures.

(From American Museum of Natural History.)

...s, for the coral cannot stand the air. If the ...n level rises or the bottom sinks a little there ...new lease of life upward. The sidewise ex...sion continues until it extends into depths too ...t for the polyp's health.

At this point the colony's progress slows ...wn, but is not necessarily at an end. The ac...n of waves, assisted by certain boring crusta...ans, cause bowlders of dead coral, especially ...ar the top, to break loose and roll down, where, near the base, they collect to such a height that a new side extension is possible on top of them.

The action of the waves also drives coral boulders inward, where they accumulate until they are above high-water mark. There they become firmly united to each other by the cement-like action of dissolved carbonate of life, and in time present a dry foothold, on which seeds carried by the winds, by driftwood and the feet of birds, are able to sprout and maintain a precarious existence. From their death and decay results a thin soil in which bigger plants and finally trees take root. Eventually the little coral island perhaps becomes the habitation of some ship-wrecked sailor, who will find enough vegetable and animal life for his subsistence, but must catch his own rain water or die of thirst.

Señorita, Whose Food, Her Clothes, ...tion All May Have ...plies of Countless ...ps, Whose Work ...Upon the Earth.

Such are the keys of Florida, including Key West, whose highest point is only eleven feet above high water. The oldest and most decrepit engines are good enough for Key West taxicabs, because they never have the strain of climbing even the mildest grade. The natives drink filtered rain water and so do the mosquitoes when they do not get enough blood. So also was built the Great Australian Barrier Reef and much of Yucatan, where the Mayans had the same difficulties of a thin soil and scarcity of wells and springs.

In the Dolomites of the Tyrol, in Europe, are high mountain peaks of the same white coralline stone. These reached their lofty elevation by being squeezed up through the crumpling of the earth's crust into mountain ridges.

Some of the corals, in addition to budding, give birth to tiny jellyfish forms, which float away and lay eggs, that in turn hatch into the swimming larvae which hunt for new colony locations. Corals that live extra close to the surface where there is plenty of light, have gone into a curious partnership with certain small forms of plant life, which they permit to grow all over their outsides, their mouths, and even into their stomachs.

Sometimes the corals may eat these plant companions when other food is scarce, but chiefly the partnership is valuable in helping the coral animals to breathe. Like other water animals, the corals ordinarily get the oxygen necessary for their lives by absorbing the traces of this gas dissolved in the water. In some places, however, the ocean water contains too little dissolved oxygen for this. Then the green plantlets growing on and inside the coral help out, for these plantlets, like other green forms of vegetation, are able to absorb carbon dioxide gas from the water and to convert this gas, together with the elements of water and by the help of sunlight, into oxygen and sugar; precisely the same process of photosynthesis which ordinary plants conduct in their green leaves to provide the food for themselves and for animals that eat them.

Mr. A. Hooton Blackiston, of San Francisco, returning recently from a long study of Yucatan and the Mayans, is convinced that the humble coral polyp not only gave them the land itself but the materials and the stimulus which caused them to create their marvelous empire and become the greatest people of the Western hemisphere until the coming of the white man. A low, sun-baked plain of coralline rock, covered with thin soil, offered the original Mayan immigrants the choice of starvation or the exercise of a high degree of ingenuity and industry. It has been said that man is as lazy as he dares to be and usually as stupid. In that difficult land he did not dare to be either. The efforts of his mind and muscle rewarded him not merely with existence but, after the obstacles had been conquered, a much higher and more comfortable one than the easy, lazy life in the jungles and more fertile parts of the continent.

The rains quickly seeped through the thin soil to disappear in the porous coralline rock, so that the water soon found its way into natural subterranean channels. To cut a well through stone called for development of implements and patience and, unless the well was sunk on one of the water courses, it would be in vain, a necessity which in turn developed research of a scientific type.

Certain areas were adapted to intensive cultivation which required armies of laborers, under able executives while getting the laborers to the spot and the crops away, when harvested, demanded roads such as the Americas had never seen. Fortunately it was only necessary to smoothe away a few surface obstacles and lay bare the white coral which provided an excellent road bed. Upon this they were laying first class macadam roads in the year 900 A. D., about 1,000 years before Europe thought of the idea.

The flat plain presented no beetling cliffs on which impregnable strongholds could easily be located. Therefore the Mayans of Yucatan built forts, walled cities, palaces and temples out of stone blocks hewn from the coral rock. Nature made this encouragingly easy because the rock, in its native state, is rather soft and easily cut, but hardens conveniently when baked in the sun. So city and fortress walls arose and temples on top of truncated pyramids, bare and homely at first, no doubt. But the soft stone tempted the early Mayans to express their artistic feelings in sculpture, improving with successive generations until their ruins today are the wonder of explorers.

In architecture, besides ornamental carving, they invented the famous flat, or cantilever arch. The same ingenious brains compiled a calendar, decidedly more accurate than the Gregorian calendar on which Europe depended till quite recently. To work out such a calculation means that these Central Americans had carried mathematics and astronomy to heights that seem incredible. Also their inscriptions reveal a system of written language that had reached the border line between hieroglyphic and the phonetic stage.

The Mayans were the first to gather rubber without which automobiles would not be very pleasant vehicles. From city to city and down to the sea ran their highways, straight as an arrow, lined at intervals with watch-towers, built of smooth, white, gleaming, coralline stone. Over these roads, guarded by the police in the towers, flowed the traffic of trade, the poor man on foot, the noble in his litter and ran the swift-footed courier bearing dispatches from government officials.

The most important of the cities was the sacred one of Chichen-Itza, where the sacrifices of the virgins to the Water God, No-Hoch-Yum-Chac, were held.

At an early date the city had attained a great reputation as a religious centre on account of the famed Cenote. This large opening or pool has perpendicular walls that drop away seventy-four feet to the jade waters below. Its entire air is ominous and forbidding in the extreme. Even today it impresses all who stand on the tree-grown rim and gaze into the sinister depths, so it is not to be wondered that the Mayans promptly decided it must be the abode of the Water God, who was of transcending importance to a people whose very existence depended upon a bountiful rainfall—a result, as we have seen, of the coralline structure of the country. Thus once again do we find the influence of that distant coral polyp even upon the religion of a people and the enthronement of the great Water God himself—the omnipotent No-Hoch-Yum-Chac.

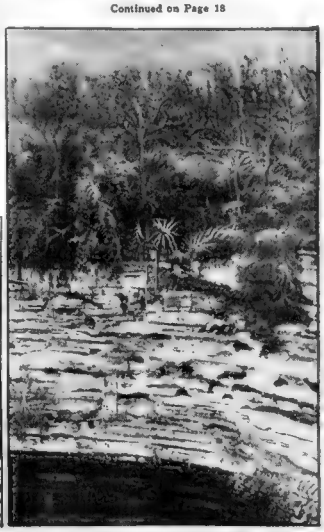
At the time of such a sacrifice eager throngs gathered from all over Yucatan, and could be seen hastening through the extensive plaza of Cukulcan, with its beautiful pyramid and Palace of a Thousand Columns, along the Sacred Way to the great Cenote, into which the fairest virgin in all the land was to be hurled as a propitiation and sacrifice.

If a person were not careful it would have been quite easy to become lost in such a city, as it extended over ten square miles, and teeming thousands trod its ways. Members of the royal family, with their rich garments studded with chalchihuital or jade, and surmounted by the golden green of quetzal plumes, the exclusive prerequisite of royalty; warriors in jaguar skins, each with his spear or acatl or throwing stick, priests in their robes of office, and the scantily-clad populace, all were journeying toward the great Cenote, where the multitudes were packed in breathless silence around its edge, with their eyes strained upon the small white temple on the very rim of the dread pool at the end of the Sacred Way. It was there that the virgin, chosen as the bride of the Water God, would stand while she received her final instructions from the high priest, and the aroma of burning copal filled the air. It was from this point also, when the preliminary ceremonies were over, that she would

Continued on Page 18

The Structure Is Built With Coral Rock Formed by the ...Coral Polyps.

The Coral Polyp Has Furnished the Soil, the Rock in the Stone Walls and the Nourishment for This Luxuriant Vegetation.



The Famous Well of Virgin Sacrifice at Chichen Itza, Yucatan, Showing the Strata of Coral Limestone Rock.

Don Lorenzo's Bride

By Juanita Savage

(Continued from Front Page)

reproachful glance at Don Lorenzo de Cortez, who had seated himself next to her. "It is Don Lorenzo's fault I am looking hot, and I am very cross with him. He was paying me the most outrageous compliments while we were dancing, and hugged me like a bear."

"Really?" drawled Noel Berkley smilingly, helping himself to a cigarette from the gold case that Don Lorenzo held out invitingly. "Shall I challenge him to mortal combat or complain to the management? I thought girls liked compliments."

"I don't—at least, not the kind of compliments Don Lorenzo has been paying," Isabel responded.

"Sweet lady, I am desolated to discover that I have offended," said Don Lorenzo very gravely, but his eyes were twinkling and belied his gravity. "And I plead not guilty to the charge, for I am not a poet, and who but a poet could find words even to do bare justice to your charm and loveliness, apart from saying anything that could be regarded as flattery."

"Hear! hear!" exclaimed Noel Berkeley with a laugh. "I say, darling, if that is how Don Lorenzo has been talking to you, you should feel flattered instead of annoyed. But I think I should take him to task, all the same, for you may expect me to talk to you in the same strain, and I'm not very good at paying extravagant compliments."

"But he was going too far, really, Noel, telling me he fell in love with me at first sight, and lots more in that strain," Isabel protested.

"That is but the simple truth, fair lady," said Don Lorenzo, still looking as if he were laughing inwardly. "What man with red blood in his veins could help falling in love with so lovely and charming a woman and envying the man who has won her?"

"My dear fellow, if you go on like that you will make Isabel conceited," laughed Berkeley. "Take care lest she takes you seriously!"

"Really, Don Lorenzo, I don't like your saying such things," said Isabel, deciding that perhaps she would appear childish and foolish unless she treated the matter as a joke, and beginning to smile. "I am not accustomed to being talked to in that fashion, and you made me blush and feel so embarrassed and shocked."

"But surely many other men must have praised your beauty and paid tribute to your loveliness by making love to you?" queried Don Lorenzo. "Why, dear lady, even your mirror must tell you how beautiful you are every time you glance into it."

There was admiration in his smiling blue eyes as he spoke, and Isabel found herself blushing again. She was certainly exceptionally beautiful, and had been made aware of the fact by the attention she had attracted since her marriage.

Here was a rare type of feminine beauty, combining the characteristics of her blond English father and her dark Spanish mother. She was a brunette, but with the fair rose-leaf complexion generally associated with golden hair, jet-black eyebrows and lashes, and remarkable golden-brown eyes, slightly almond-shaped. Her features were small and regular, and her slim but well-rounded figure was beautifully proportioned. She had a virginal air and yet there was something oddly exotic in her appearance.

"I am not going to pretend I don't know I am good-looking, Don Lorenzo," she answered frankly, "but until I met Noel no man had ever told me I was beautiful, and no one had ever made love to me."

"The explanation is that Isabel was brought up in a convent, and afterwards, both her parents being dead, she lived with a maiden aunt who has a small estate on Dartmoor, miles away from any town," interpolated Noel Berkeley. "She had never been in London before we were married five months ago."

"Only once, and then I only drove through in a taxi from Waterloo to Paddington, on my way to my aunt's place on Dartmoor," added Isabel. "I feel sometimes as if I had been transported into another world, and have to pinch myself to make sure I am not dreaming. It seems like a sort of fairy story come true. Noel is the fairy prince who has transported me from my country prison to this gay world of pleasure and luxury and made life one constant round of gaiety and excitement.

"I still feel a little scared and bashful at times, and quite nervous about going out alone when Noel is away from home on his Secret Service duties. And I am in dread of something happening to him all the time, for I know Secret Service work must be dangerous."

She smiled affectionately across the table at her husband, and he smiled back at her indulgently.

It isn't really dangerous work most of the time, my dear, and it is foolish of you to worry," he said. "Incidentally, darling, let me remind you again that we are not allowed to talk about our work, and the wives of the Secret Service men are not supposed to broadcast how their husbands earn a living."

Although he was smiling, there was reproach and annoyance in his gray eyes—steely-gray eyes that seldom smiled in unison with his lips.

"I'm so sorry, Noel darling," exclaimed Isabel quickly and contritely. "I forgot again. But I expect Don Lorenzo knows you are in the Secret Service."

"Yes, I had guessed as much, dear lady, and I am sure your husband must be particularly brilliant, else how did he discover you, hidden as you were in the wilds of Dartmoor?" drawled Don Lorenzo in his deep, musical voice.

"As a matter of fact, Don Lorenzo, it was literally an accident that led to my discovering Isabel," explained Berkeley. "I was touring Dartmoor on a motor bike, lost my bearings, and had a smash-up. Isabel's aunt saw the accident, had me carried to her house. Isabel acted as my nurse, we fell in love with each other almost at first sight, and well, here we are."

"A romance in a nutshell," commented Don Lorenzo.

"Noel hasn't told you the romantic part, Don Lorenzo," said Isabel. "We really eloped, because Aunt Agatha, for some mysterious reason, did not approve of Noel and was also of opinion that I was not old enough to know my own mind. I have an idea that she might have locked me up, or something of the sort, although I was over twenty-one. So Noel and I ran away together, were married at Plymouth—"

"And here we are, still on our honeymoon, although we have been married five months," interposed Noel Berkeley, laughing as he rose to his feet. "Do you know it is very late, kid?"

"Heavens! What would Aunt Agatha think and say if she knew I was still up at this time in the morning?" Isabel exclaimed. "I am sure she would conclude I have become quite depraved. Do you know, Don Lorenzo, I was always in bed by ten o'clock before I was married.

"On Dartmoor practically everyone is asleep by 10 o'clock, but here people are just starting the evening at that hour. As I said before, I feel as if I had been transported to another world. Let's go, Noel. Good-night, Don Lorenzo."

"The night is yet young, but if you are going the place loses its attraction for me," said Don Lorenzo, getting up from his chair. "May I offer you a lift? My car is outside, and your flat is within a stone's throw of my hotel."

"Thanks awfully! Very kind of you, old chap," Noel exclaimed smilingly. "Incidentally, your remark is a compliment to our flat, for it would take a wonderful stone-thrower to chuck a stone from the Ritz to Knightsbridge."

"Distance is not measured by length, but by time, these days, my dear Berkeley," responded Don Lorenzo. "America is now only twenty hours' distant from us by aeroplane although it is two thousand miles away, and the distance from the Ritz Hotel to Knightsbridge can be covered in less time by a fast car than I should guess it took David to sling his stone at Goliath. Ergo, the distance is a mere stone's throw."

"I did not know you were a philosopher, Don Lorenzo!" laughed Isabel.

A few minutes later they were gliding swiftly through the almost-deserted streets in Don Lorenzo's luxurious limousine.

(Continued on Page 15)

"Let's go," Isabel exclaimed, suddenly rising from the table. "I feel stifled. Please take me home, Lorenzo."

Now a Way to Really Get Rid of Arm or Leg Hair!

—utterly Without Fostering Coarsened Re-Growth

A New Discovery That Not Only Removes Arm or Leg Hair Instantly But Delays Its Reappearance Remarkably

A NEW way of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are charging to less modern ways. A way that not only removes hair but delays its reappearance remarkably!

It is the glaring precise conceptions of geneticists about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The discovery of R. C. Lawry, noted beauty scientist, it is different from any other hair remover known.

WHAT IT IS

It is an exquisite toilet creme, resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where the hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone, so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt.

And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly!

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The hair feels soft as a child's. No skin roughness—no enlarged pores. You feel that you can safely ever be free in your bath or annoying hair growth.

WHERE TO OBTAIN

It is called NEET—a preparation long on the market, but recently changed in compounding to embody the new Lawry discovery.

It is on sale at practically all drug and department stores and in beauty parlors. In both 81 and 60c sizes. The $1 size contains 3 times the quantity of the 60c size.

Not only is flawless face of beauty re-gained, but the actual reappearance delayed amazingly.

First rub Neet on hair, then wet the skin, and rinse off with water. In half a minute hair disappears.

Neet *Cream Hair Remover*

Quickest way to stop painful sunburn!

THE minute you apply Unguentine, the fiery anguish is drawn out of your skin. Safe, natural healing begins. It's quicker than anything else you could use . . .

Because unlike lotions and toilet creams, which only *reach* the outer surface of the skin—Unguentine *penetrates!* It goes directly down to the inflamed tissue in the dermis, or *inner* layer of the skin.

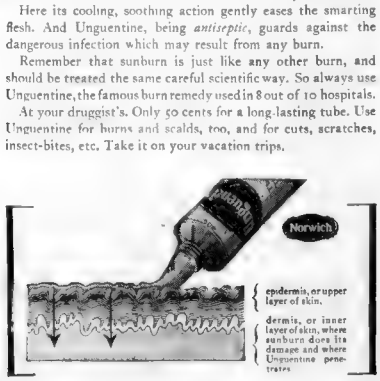
Here its cooling, soothing action gently eases the smarting flesh. And Unguentine, being *antiseptic*, guards against the dangerous infection which may result from any burn.

Remember that sunburn is just like any other burn, and should be treated the same careful scientific way. So always use Unguentine, the famous burn remedy used in 8 out of 10 hospitals.

At your druggist's. Only 50 cents for a long-lasting tube. Use Unguentine for burns and scalds, too, and for cuts, scratches, insect-bites, etc. Take it on your vacation trips.

. . . *because*

Unguentine goes as *deep* as the burn


Norwich
epidermis, or upper layer of skin.
dermis, or inner layer of skin, where sunburn does its damage and where Unguentine penetrates

New Discoveries of Prehistoric Persian Art

PERSIA has long been famed for its highly skilled craftsmen in metals, jewels and pottery, but not until recent excavations in that country was it known that the inhabitants of that land 4,000 years ago were master workers in these crafts.

It was Professor Ernst Herzfeld, the distinguished German archaeologist, who discovered relics of a surprising prehistoric culture while digging on the site of Bronze Age settlements near Nihawand in Western Persia.

During previous expeditions to this part of the world, Professor Herzfeld had uncovered implements proving that humans lived in that section during the Stone Age, but he had never before unearthed evidences of Bronze Age culture. The spade of the scientists turned out a wealth of Bronze Age relics, which included arrowheads, lance and spear points, and the blades of daggers and short swords.

In addition to these things they found a strange collection of adzes, axes and pickaxes of exceptionally fine workmanship. These implements have the appearance of being too light for practical use, and it is thought that they may have been votive offerings to ancient gods or small models of larger implements symbolical of mastery over certain of the elements.

Even finer craftsmanship was found in the great array of jewelry taken from the diggings. Gold pendants, silver bracelets, ear-rings of gold and silver and ornately carved buttons were among the rare prizes that were brought to light.

A great variety of seals, carved with the likenesses of human beings, of demons and of animals, was found. This led the scientists to believe that the Bronze Age inhabitants of Persia had a well-advanced knowledge of writing, and that the seals were used on documents, records and communications written in some primitive script.

Among a curious assortment of needles, pins and spoons, the excavators came upon one of the most remarkable objects in this valuable collection fashioned and used by people who lived forty centuries ago. This is a Persian idol hammered out of a thin plate of copper in an attitude resembling that of the rare predynastic "female mourners" of Egypt.

Clay pottery in a wide variety of shapes, sizes and uses makes up a considerable part of the relics taken from the Nihawand diggings. Most remarkable among these exhibits of prehistoric potters' skill is a figure of an ox in burnt clay. This object, about seven inches high, still shows the decorative marks of an artist's brush and is regarded as a typical example of the figurines made in Persia during the Age of Bronze.

Many rhytons, or drinking cups, were found among the relics of a race remarkably artistic and intelligent for the epoch in which it lived. One of these cups is modeled in the contours of an animal's head and is embellished with painted decorations, some of which are birds.

The site of the Bronze Age settlements at Nihawand has not yet been entirely dug over, and Dr. Herzfeld and his associates predict that they will enrich the world's store of prehistoric art with further examples of primitive Persian skill.

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for as little as 5¢ *a portion*

A FOOD FAVORED BY MILLIONS FOR ITS INCOMPARABLE FLAVOR

The day of bargains has not passed! For today the American housewife can serve salmon, "the king of food fish"–salmon with an *extra* goodness never known before this modern age–for as little as 5 cents a portion!

Empty a can of salmon on a plate. Watch the rich juices trickle from the tender meat. Sniff the clean, inviting tang of distant icy seas . . .

Ready!–your warm-weather dinner. Ready–without a single hot and hurried moment at the cookstove. Salmon prepared for you right out of the ocean, *fresh*. Sealed before cooking and cooked in a way that can't be equalled by a master chef. All the flavor, all the food value, saved for your enjoyment. What a thrill for your appetite–what a royal meal!

Think what it gives you and your family! Not only substantial, wholesome nourishment, of the kind needed to overcome hot-weather fatigue . . . but *special* food values of far-reaching importance . . .

Vitamin D–the precious vitamin found in so few foods –essential to healthy bones and tissues. The latest news is that Vitamin D actually combats the "degenerative" diseases of old age, and thus aids in sustaining youth itself! In addition, salmon is rich in natural iodine, the foe of goiter.

With all this, incomparable flavor. Convenience. No waste. A cost astonishingly low. *What* a bargain!

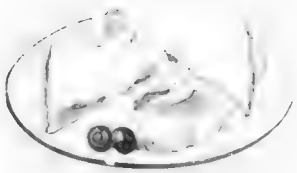
> *The Journal of the American Medical Association says:*
>
> "It is now generally believed that iodine deficiency is the cause of [illegible] this disease is readily combated . . . This may be accomplished by increasing the amount of iodine in the diet by the use of proper foods . . . Canned salmon on account of its cheapness and availability is particularly suitable, and should be included in the diet of patients.

Thousand dollar prize-winning recipes *–a complete salmon cookbook–* FREE!

Much as you will prize canned salmon for its convenience–often as it will save the day for you by providing a quick and tempting meal, just as it comes from the can–don't neglect its wonderful possibilities as the chief ingredient in recipes.

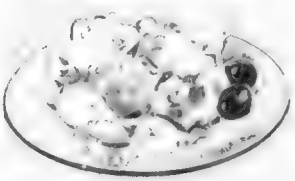
Try those on this page! And right now, before you forget, fill out and mail the coupon for "Thousand dollar prize-winning recipes." The favorites of good cooks in all parts of the world! A big, generous salmon cookbook that you'll want to keep forever. It costs you *nothing!* Mail coupon *now!*

Thousand Dollar *prize-winning* recipes



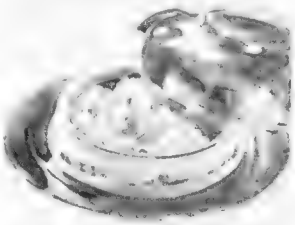
HAPPY PICNIC! . . . *Salmon Sandwich*

Flake one can of Salmon. Add the juice of ½ lemon, ½ teaspoon salt, and two hard-boiled eggs finely chopped. Mix in enough mayonnaise to spread well. Spread between thin slices of buttered bread. Be sure [illegible] chopped pickle may be used in place of lemon [illegible] cut sandwiches as for making afternoon tea sandwiches.



TEMPTING LUNCHEON! *Salmon Salad*

Chill one can of Salmon. Flake, then add ½ cup of chopped celery (tomatoes may be added if desired). Mix lightly with mayonnaise or French dressing. Arrange on nests of crisp lettuce leaves. Garnish with hard-boiled eggs, slices of lemon, pickles or olives



ROYAL DINNER! . . . *Salmon Souffle*

1 can Salmon, 1 ¼ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper, 2 tablespoons onion juice, ½ cup soft bread crumbs, ½ cup milk, 3 eggs beaten separately. Flake one can of Salmon and add seasoning. Cook bread crumbs in milk five minutes, add Canned Salmon and beaten egg yolks. Fold in white of eggs, beaten until stiff and dry. Turn into a buttered dish, set in a pan of hot water, and bake in a moderate oven until firm. This is especially delicious served with Spanish Sauce

Canned Salmon

FRESH FROM NORTH PACIFIC WATERS

THE KING OF FOOD FISH
presents
"THE ROYAL FAMILY"

Nature provides several varieties of salmon –seven species in the North Pacific. All varieties are high in food value and delicious in flavor. The prices vary, chiefly because some varieties are more plentiful than others, and because some are by nature richer in color than others. *Pink Salmon* is especially recommended for its delicate flavor and low price. The principal varieties are

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*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Don Lorenzo's Bride

By Juanita Sabbe

(Continued from Page 14)

Oily Skin, Pores —how Awful!

Now, don't oily skin cause large pores, an ugly blackheads, wrinkles and perspiration that makes the skin shiny and dirty? Out in Hollywood they have the simple cream rinsing lotion that quickly corrects these flaws and makes the skin beautiful! It's

The very minute you put it on the face and neck it gets down deep into the skin to remove the dirt, and, as it does so, the tell-tale grease blackheads, wrinkles and perspiration vanish!

Soon your skin is as clear as the daintiest peach blossom! Soft, radiant, exquisite! It is youthful and lovely beyond belief! Don't envy the girls who are supposed to have natural complexions. Get Lucky Tiger and have one yourself!

Get Lucky Tiger today! Use it as directed. Then if you're not entirely satisfied with your complexion, return the bottle and we will refund your money in full, plus the price you paid for it. Lucky Tiger is sold by all druggists and toilet goods counters.

Note: In the summer this lotion keeps the skin soft, free from freckles and guards against that leathery look caused by wind and sun.

...ucky and out ... and ... ...ured Noel to ... stepped at the entrance to the ... building in which he and Isabel occupied a service flat.

"Delighted," answered Don Lorenzo. "What a charming little place," he added, a few minutes later, when he had been ushered up in the lift to the Bayleys' flat, which was delightfully furnished and decorated.

"Yes, not such a bad little den," drawled Noel Bayley, ... to the sideboard to produce a cocktail shaker and a bottle of Dubonnet. "But I am leaving a suite of flats, much less expensive. Do make yourself comfortable, my dear fellow. ... How much soda? Say when."

I like the place, but somehow it doesn't seem to be mine," said Isabel. "I feel as if I were living in a part of an Victor Hugo novel. I guess a button or speak into a telephone, and a genie appears to do anything I require or bring me anything I want. But I think I'd actually prefer to live in a cottage with a garden and in my own housework. I love a garden."

"Well, you've got one, kid," said her husband. "What about the roof garden?"

... no more lovely to me than to Hyde Park or Kew Gardens. So, dear, my dear of a garden ... a place to walk in ... people drink cocktails ... If I don't think I can ... you."

"... one day you ... see my beautiful garden on the slopes of the Sierra Nevada. I am a Castilian, as you know, but I have made my home most favorite. Do you know Granada?"

"No, I know ... of Spain, although ... was born there," answered Isabel, shaking her head. "My father, of whom I've told you ... and my mother ... me to a convent in Madrid to be educated. I seldom saw my father. I went to convent, ... when she died four or five years ago her relatives in Seville ... I must offer me a home, though I felt ... I ... and I found ... not ... myself ... of ... and ... my ... ing ... ... stage, and ... Egypt ... ... Gerard, and I ... and ... Nevada."

"Your ... a real ... grandad, dear lady; and I ... be happy to act as your guide ... said Don Lorenzo ... Mrs. Bayley ... and ... Mrs. Bayley ... on the plan ... of dining with me tomorrow evening—or this evening, to be exact, since I notice it is after midnight?" he added, turning to Noel.

"Sorry, old chap, but I have to go out of town tomorrow on official business, and I shall be away for two or three days," Bayley replied. "But I am sure Isabel ... to ... ...

The Golden Calf — M B

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

[illegible] Dennis [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

The Golden Cat — by Max Brand

(Continued from Page 17)

distance behind. I saw a step with a good deal of care because he was a big one and would waste a lot of time finding the next step over every trail, up or down. And now as I looked off the hillside into the northern hollow, I saw a rider come out from a bunch of trees and cut off toward another group of pines. The moment I saw him, I knew that he was a stranger.

The reason I knew it was not because he was bigger than the men I knew in the valley, but because he rode differently. Each in most of the cowboys that I knew had a lot more daring, but blood. None of the rugged Mexicans we had seen on the trail had that confidence in the saddle that was in the way this man moved. I mean, he rode as though he were part of the horse. The best cowboy in a troop of picked riders and he'd be more conscious of himself than this man. All their money into one spectacular. Perhaps that was the secret.

Well, what seemed to me strange was that this white man—since he had to be one—was not heading toward the house instead of away from it. I shouted out, and as my voice went booming down into the hollow he jerked his head around and looked up at me. All that I made out under the wide shadow of his hat was that his face was all sadness. With my mind I had already made up my mind that this was one of the grim and wanted for the good of him.

That didn't look much like Father he said a good deal to run for—or before he had to and to tell—I was sure of—I—I—I have but what—I—I—I

The Golden Cat — by Max Brand

(Continued from Page 18)

and that fairly made me sick, I tell you! Because it showed that she's put down her own nerves, weak as she was, and was pouring out her heart's blood, as you might say, trying to cheer up that old sea-pirate. It made a pretty picture of me; like I'd made a Christian martyr of somebody.

I said: "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to hurt her!"

"Of course not! Of course not!" chirps Cattrin.

Rourke jerked around in his chair.

"Shut 'up, you blamed—canary!" said he.

That silenced everybody. Just as though a tray of fine China had been dropped with a crash. And when we looked at Rourke we could see the top of his coffee tossed into little bright waves under the lantern light as he raised the cup to his lips. We knew by that that his hand was quivering a little, and that meant a great deal to us, for ordinarily a rattler is more nervous than Rourke.

He was nervous with fighting madness, and we all knew it, and there was hardly a breath drawn around that table, for a minute. It was the red-head who saw what to do, and who did it. She started by saying that she would tell the whole story about the ghost, since the subject had been brought up—just so that all of us would understand how to avoid the subject hereafter when Frances Mornay was around.

The story she told went something like this:

The first Mornay was called Carvajal——

Here Rourke broke in to say: "Mexican? It ain't possible!"

"Mostly Castilian, of course," said Ruth Derrick. But Rourke was so hard hit that his mouth sagged open. I didn't feel very happy, either, to think that kind of blood was even a shadow in Frances Mornay.

This Carvajal came up to this neck of the woods when Mexico, of course, owned the whole Southwest. Here he made a little money out of silver mines, and a good deal more out of ranging cattle and selling their hides, and tallow, and what not. Think of butchering cows for the sake of their hides alone! And out of his hosts of cattle he got pretty rich, so that he would spend only about half of the time up here at his house in the north, and the rest of the time he spent in Mexico City among the swells, spending his coin like a prince.

He had a daughter named Anna and this girl fell in love with an American. Americans never have been very popular south of the Rio Grande, and old Carvajal forbade his daughter to marry him. She was a gentle, soft sort of a child; but that's just the kind that may love the hardest, and she up and ran away with the American. They lived a pretty hard life; finally Carvajal sent word that he would forgive them and give them this house to live in. They came here and the old devil Carvajal Mornay finished off the American husband on the very first night.

He sent in one of those Mexican knife artists of his, and the bright lad split the heart of the American at the first lick. Poor Anna woke up and found a dead man beside her in the bed. She pulled the knife out of the wound and went in her night gown down the hall and into the room of her father. It was the very room that Palliser now was sleeping in. She walked into that room and the old man woke up and screamed when he saw the knife in the girl's hand.

But she didn't intend to do justice on his miserable heart. She stabbed herself, instead, and died in his arms, with Carvajal yelling to her if she would come back to life he would kill himself in her place, and swearing to build churches and what not, if she would lift the curse off the family. For it seems that she dropped a large and liberal curse on the whole Mornay line!

That was a cheerful little yarn, and I didn't wonder that the poor girl had had a shock, especially when I heard the aftermath. This curse of Anna's didn't work at all in most places, but whenever the Mornay's tried to live in this house, they had a death mighty pronto.

The first one to have the bad

She Flashed Out of the Chair and Raced Up the Stairs with Mimi Still in Her Arms and a Blue Kind of a Wrap Streaming Out From Her Shoulders.

luck was William Mornay, who was a son of Carvajal. By this time, the States had fought and won the Mexican War, and therefore they owned the land where this house stood. William took an American name, became an American citizen, and that was the end of Mexico as far as the Mornays were concerned.

But it was the end of William, too. A month after he moved north to this place, American name and all, he was stabbed to the heart and it was said that the ghost of Anna walked that night, though of course the story hardly said that she did the knife work even though she carried one.

Taken in connection with the story of the curse, this death of William Mornay had a great effect for a number of years, but after a time there was a hardier young Mornay who came out to build up the fallen down house and begin to cultivate this fine valley. This fellow lived in the house without coming to harm for about a month, and at the end of that time, he died exactly the way William Mornay had died before him. His name was Peter.

Now, as I listened to this yarn, I'm ashamed to say that it thickened up my blood a bit with cold. I haven't a superstition in the world, but Ruth Derrick, talking on in her downright way, with a lot of facts and figures about her story, made it all seem extremely real.

I grew nervous, even sitting there with all of those people about me. I couldn't help looking over my shoulder, and fat-faced Cattrin was in the quakes, shifting in his chair and shrugging his shoulders hard, now and again. Shirley seemed in a trance, and Rourke sat stiffer and stiffer in his chair.

He said in a crisp, quick voice, after a time: "Where is the ghost supposed to walk?"

Ruth Derrick turned in her chair and she pointed to the ridge of rough-edged wall that ran from the main body of the house past the patio on the south side, and towards the room of old Palliser. It gave me a second shock. My imagination was stirred up to such a point that on my honor I half expected to see a form in white come gliding out of the shadows with the glimmer of a knife in her hand and go over rough and smooth along the top of that wall to the captain's door.

Rourke had another idea, and that was more to the point and a good deal more ugly than mine.

He said: "Is Palliser a Mornay?"

"No," said Ruth Derrick.

"There's no Mornay here except Frances Mornay," said Rourke. "Do you understand what that means?"

CHAPTER XIII.

Weird Doings.

THERE could not have been a more grisly moment than this. It's hard to convey exactly the effect that words may have, but I'd ask you to keep in mind the time of the night, and the loneliness of those mountains, and the pale stars over us, and above all, the terribly moved voice in which Rourke spoke.

Most barking dogs have very little bite, but Rourke was not the barking kind, and even a half wit could have told, in one glance at his wild and beautiful face, that he was a man, and a dangerous one. No professor of philosophy, who knows all about ghosts, could have heard Rourke speak like this without having his breath snatched away from him.

We all looked at each other and got very little comfort by what we saw. And I know what was in my mind— I could wager what was in the minds of the other people at the table. I didn't have long to wait in order to have my guess turn out right, for this fellow Shirley—I'd never liked him very well—stiffened up in his chair and laid his hand on the edge of the table.

He said in a very low, murmuring sort of a voice: "I want to speak out the thing that's in my mind. I don't want to make a scene, and I'm afraid that a good many of you will think that I'm making a fool out of myself, but nevertheless, I have to speak out. I've known of the story about the ghost for a long time. I'm not a believer in that sort of thing. Not a bit of it. But I want to point out a few things to you.

"Frances Mornay and her uncle came up to this place to be cured by the purity of the mountain air. I know why they came. It was because Captain Palliser insisted. I know and can prove to you that Frances never wanted to come. She knew the legend, and she was afraid of it!

"But Palliser thought that it was a shame for this property to go to waste, and he declared that he would come here if he had to die on the way. Besides, when he saw that Frances was an invalid, he insisted all the more that the mountain air would do her good."

After a little moment he was able to continue. Then he said: "It seems to me that I have felt a fate hanging over this party from the beginning of the trip. We have found good men and true men to help us——"

Here he paused, and he looked straight at me and then at Rourke in a way that made my heart stir.

"But," he said, "heaven knows that what is fated cannot be avoided! I hope you will not take me for a mystic. I am far from that. But I cannot help seeing that since we came into this house Captain Palliser has failed rapidly. Tonight he cannot leave his bed!"

He made another pause here, his breast heaving so that everyone could notice it. Then he went on in a softer voice: "The other thing is still plainer to all of you, I know. Forgive me if I am wrong in saying that from day to day it appears to me that Frances is growing paler and paler!"

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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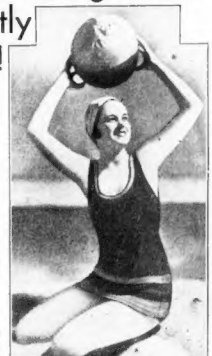
disfiguring hair growths permanently destroyed!



The undergrowth must also be removed to prevent bristly regrowths.

there's no concealing them these days—those disfiguring hairs . . . .

there's but one thing to do—*destroy* the growth *entirely* with *ZIP*.

Applied as easily as cold cream, *ZIP* gets at the cause . . . the roots . . . and thus *permanently destroys* hair growths. So simple; so rapid; and so *pleasant to use*, it is ideal for face, arms, legs, body and underarms.

Do not confuse *ZIP* with sulphide depilatories which merely burn off hair temporarily by chemical action. *ZIP* leaves no trace of hair above the skin; no prickly stubble later on; no dark shadow under the skin. *Remember,*

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There is no excuse for anyone having superfluous hair, with *ZIP* available everywhere. It is a harmless, fragrant compound, containing no sulphides. Moreover, there are no fumes. *ZIP* acts immediately and brings lasting results. You will be delighted and you risk nothing, for *ZIP* is sold on a money-back guarantee basis.

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Don Lorenzo's Bride

By Juanita Savage

(Continued from Page 16)

and fascinated, at a loss to know what to say. She had been just as embarrassed, or more so, when Noel Berkeley had first taken her hand, told her he loved her, and begged for a kiss. In sheer nervousness she picked up the glass of wine beside her plate and drank the rare vintage as if it were water.

"You must not talk like that, Don Lorenzo," she protested rather weakly. "We can't be anything more than friends, and —and I don't think I want my passionate nature set aflame."

"Isabel, confess that even when you were in the convent you longed to have a real lover and learn the mysteries of love," said Lorenzo in a low, coaxing voice. "Confess that the love that you know has been something of a disappointment, and that your heart has never been deeply stirred."

The draught of wine had sent the blood coursing through Isabel's veins like fire, banished her shyness and nervousness, and given her a feeling akin to recklessness. She found herself wondering why she had been so shocked and deciding it was rather nice to have a man like Lorenzo flirt with her so daringly.

"Why, of course I dreamed of having a lover," she answered. "Most girls do, and I suppose it will flatter your vanity to know that it is generally a man like you, tall, fair, handsome, and rich, that girls in their teens idealize and long for as a lover. The very first time I saw you, Lorenzo, I said to Noel that you looked like a Fairy Prince come to life out of a story-book."

"I am flattered, Isabel," said Lorenzo—and one could almost have sworn that he blushed. "Tell me, was it of a man like me that you dreamed of as a lover?"

"I don't remember," Isabel equivocated. "What does it matter anyhow? My Fairy Prince now has black crinkly hair and gray eyes, and his name is Noel Berkeley."

"And you are satisfied, Isabel?"

"Satisfied? Why, of course I am! Noel loves me and I love him. He brought romance into my life, transported me from the dull monotony of Aunt Agatha's house into this gay, wonderful world. Why should I not be satisfied? I only wish Noel did not have to go away so often."

"Where does he go, and what does he do while he is away from you?"

"I don't know, and I must not ask. Noel says Secret Service men are forbidden to talk about their work even to their wives."

"A wise precaution, perhaps," commented Lorenzo, with a cryptic smile, "but it must be rather exasperating to be married to a mystery man who can leave you at any time. You really know nothing about your husband, do you, Isabel?"

"I don't quite know what you mean," responded Isabel.

"Do you know anything about his antecedents?" asked Don Lorenzo. "Have you been introduced to his people or to any of his colleagues in the Secret Service?"

"Why, Don Lorenzo, you are as bad as Aunt Agatha!" exclaimed Isabel laughingly. "When Noel told her he wanted to marry me, she wanted to know his whole pedigree, and was quite suspicious when Noel told her he was an orphan and hadn't any near relatives. Noel must not talk about his work, but I know he is well-connected and has a host of friends."

"What more could a wife desire to know about her husband?" remarked Don Lorenzo lightly and smilingly. "And how fortunate for a man to have a wife from whom he can absent himself at will, without being questioned as to where he has been, with whom he has been, and what he has been doing."

"Don Lorenzo, if you are attempting to make me jealous or suspicious—" began Isabel, but Lorenzo interrupted her hastily.

"Dear lady, I was only asking for information," he said. "Forgive my curiosity, but how could I help being curious about the man who has been so fortunate as to win the most beautiful and desirable girl in the world?"

"Flatterer!" exclaimed Isabel. "Why, your cousin is much more beautiful than I am."

"Dorotea certainly is beautiful, but hers is a conventional beauty, while yours is a beauty of a rare and unusual type," said Lorenzo, studying Isabel's lovely face gravely. "You would be still more beautiful, Isabel, if your heart was awakened. Why did you say you did not want your passionate nature set aflame? Do you realize you were admitting that what you know as love has left your heart and the passionate nature of you still dormant?"

"I—I don't know what I meant, and I wish you would not talk in that fashion," said Isabel, and took another sip of wine from her glass, which a waiter had replenished. "You are really trying to imply that I am not in love with Noel—and I am, I am."

"When you have learned the meaning of love and your passionate nature has been stirred, Isabel, what you call love now will seem as weak as milk and water compared with a rare wine of fine vintage," Don Lorenzo retorted with a smile, then adroitly changed the subject. "Shall we go to a theatre after dinner, or shall we dance? I suggest we go on to the Embassy. I am told there is an amusing cabaret show, and we can dance between times."

"Just as you like," said Isabel, relieved to be able to change the subject. "You are my host, and I leave it to you to decide how we shall spend the rest of the evening."

"What if I decide that we can best spend it making love?" asked Lorenzo, with a challenging smile.

"I am sure a cabaret show would be much more amusing," retorted Isabel, lightly.

"Love is never amusing, and even when it becomes the subject for laughter it is a tragedy. Love can be rapture the like of which one scarcely dare hope to equal even in Paradise; it can be an agony and a torment surpassing the sufferings of the condemned."

"Really! I suppose you have been in love so often that you are an expert on the subject?"

"I have made love to many women, and one or two women have made love to me, bless them!" Lorenzo replied gravely. "But until now I have never been actually in love. You have fired my heart, Isabel, and it is burning and seething with love for you. The fires of my love will light a responsive flame in your heart, and together we will drain love's bitter-sweet cup of rapture to the dregs."

"I am quite sure Aunt Agatha would strongly disapprove of you, Don Lorenzo," exclaimed Isabel, with a forced laugh.

She spoke lightly, but inwardly she was trembling and her heart seemed to be behaving oddly.

"Possibly I might disapprove of Aunt Agatha," Lorenzo responded in an altered tone, with a laugh that was as forced as that of Isabel. "Shall we take a run out into the country and wander about in the moonlight, Isabel, and listen to the great voices rolling in from sea, or shall we go on to the Embassy?"

"I think I prefer the Embassy," said Isabel, after a moment of hesitation.

The Embassy was crowded and there was scarce room to move on the dance floor, a fact which pleased Don Lorenzo for it gave him an excuse for holding Isabel crushed close to him as they danced—so close that at times she could hardly breathe.

"Let's go," Isabel exclaimed, suddenly rising from the table. "I feel stifled. Please take me home, Lorenzo."

Without a word, but merely a nod of understanding, Don Lorenzo guided her out of the crush, got her wraps, and, a few minutes later, was handing her into his car. They talked almost at random during the short journey from the club to Knightsbridge.

"Good-night, Don Lorenzo; and thank you so much for a pleasant evening," said Isabel, formally, as the car come to a standstill in front of her home.

"But surely you are not going to dismiss me so summarily, Isabel?" exclaimed Lorenzo, in affected dismay. "You will, at least, let me see you to the door of your flat, and I am hoping I shall be invited in and offered refreshment, as I was last night."

"But—but you know Noel isn't at home," objected Isabel, a trifle breathlessly; then remembered her husband's injunction to be "nice" to Don Lorenzo. "I am sure Aunt Agatha would be horrified," she added, again forcing a laugh, "but I suppose I should be lacking in hospitality if I turned you away without offering you a drink."

There was no hall porter in evidence, but the lift was one of the "foolproof," automatic kind, which required merely the pressure of a button to set it in motion, and a minute or two later Isabel was opening the door of her flat. She switched on the lights as she entered, and Don Lorenzo followed her in and closed the door, throwing his hat onto the hall table when he had done so.

"Come in and help yourself," said Isabel, with a suspicion of a tremor in her voice, as she led the way into the sitting-room. "You will have to mix your own drink."

As she threw off her cloak Don Lorenzo suddenly swept her into his arms and kissed her hungrily, passionately—kissed her lips, her neck, her shoulders.

"Isabel, darling, I love you, I love you, you dear, adorable, lovely, delicious creature," he breathed between kisses, straining Isabel still closer to him. "Kiss me, caro mio, and tell me you return my love and will be mine."

Isabel did not, could not, struggle. Lorenzo's kisses seemed to be burning the very heart out of her, robbing her of all power of resistance. Her heart was fluttering like that of a singing bird held captive in the hand as Lorenzo kissed her again and again with ever-increasing ardor. Suddenly she struggled feebly in his embrace and began to cry and sob like a hurt and frightened child.

"Isabel darling, what is the matter?" asked Lorenzo breathlessly. "Are you afraid of love, sweetheart?"

"Yes, yes! You frighten me!" sobbed Isabel. "It—it isn't fair! It isn't fair to take advantage of my helplessness in this fashion, to try to make me be false to Noel. Oh, please, please, don't make me love you. I want to be true to Noel, my husband."

The very ingenuousness of her appeal took Lorenzo aback and affected him strangely. At once he released her from his close embrace. Isabel swayed as if about to collapse and Don Lorenzo caught her in his arms. Picking her up as if she were a child, he carried her across the room, and laid her down gently among the cushions on a settee.

"Darling heart, you need not be afraid of love," he murmured, sinking on his knees beside her and caressing her hair. "Love is all that matters in life, my Isabel. You are the girl of my dreams, beloved, my predestined mate, and your heart is hungering for me as mine is hungering for you. Answer the call of your heart, caro mio. Whisper that you love me. Kiss me, darling, and tell me you are glad I have awakened your heart."

Like one hypnotized, Isabel kissed him, but as he crushed his lips on hers again and kissed her devouringly, she had a revulsion of feeling, thrust Lorenzo's face away from her own with both hands, and sat up, breathing gaspingly with a horrified expression in her golden - brown eyes, dilated with emotion.

"Lorenzo, please, please don't make me love you," she pleaded again, brokenly and gaspingly. "I—I am only a child in some things — in some ways — and I want to be true to Noel. He loves me and trusts me, and I love him."

"Darling, you are only beginning to learn the meaning of love, and when your heart is fully awakened you will not be content with the mild, milk-and-water sentiment that Noel Berkeley calls love," said Don Lorenzo, still on his knees before her.

Just as in the most violent of storms there comes sometimes a sudden, almost unnatural calm, so there came suddenly calmness and self - possession to Isabel Berkeley as she rose to her feet.

"Don Lorenzo, my husband regards you as a friend to be trusted," she said, trying to steady her voice. "It was because he had complete faith in you, and in me, that he accepted your invitation, believing I would be safe with you."

"Are you sure that you are safe with me, Isabel?" Don Lorenzo asked slowly, as he rose to his feet.

"Why, of course I am," Isabel answered. "Lorenzo, please don't make me afraid of you. If we are to be friends, you must not make love to me. What would Noel think of you if he knew?"

"Perhaps it would be a good idea to go in search of him and inquire," said Lorenzo deliberately, after a tense pause. "I love you, Isabel, and I want you, but I can wait a little while. Kiss me again, caro mio, before I go."

He put his hands on Isabel's shoulders as he spoke and drew her gently toward him forcing her, in spite of herself, to look into his ardent, gleaming blue eyes.

"But—but I don't want to kiss you, Lorenzo," faltered Isabel. "It isn't right. It isn't——"

"Kiss me, darling, kiss me," said Lorenzo, scarcely louder than a whisper, drawing Isabel still closer; and she, subject to his will, gave him her lips again and almost swooned in his arms as he strained her close and kissed and kissed her.

When Lorenzo had gone, Isabel seated herself, dazed and bewildered and almost in a state of collapse, among the cushions on the settee. Her mind was in a turmoil, and every fiber of her being seemed to be tingling and throbbing with emotion and agitation.

"What has happened to me?" she asked aloud in a quavering voice, although there was no one to answer. "Why did I kiss him and let him kiss me? Have I gone crazy or lost my sense of honor? What would Noel think of me if he knew? And he must know. I must confess to him and ask him to save me from Don Lorenzo as soon as he comes back . . . If he is not too late, for I know in my heart I could not resist Lorenzo if he persisted. I know I was on the verge of surrender tonight. I am like clay in his hands, and—oh, he has changed everything."

She burst into shamed, burning face in her trembling hands and wept, sobbing convulsively.

"Noel, Noel, come back to me," she sobbed hysterically. "I am frightened—frightened of Don Lorenzo, and frightened of myself. Come back and save me, darling."

The emotional storm spent itself at last, leaving her exhausted and shaken to the depths, and she undressed and crawled into bed. But she could not sleep. She was sore afraid, afraid of some new, strange, terrible something that Lorenzo called love, afraid it might become an over-powering passion which would make her forget her vows.

"I love Noel and I don't want Lorenzo," she whispered again and again in the darkness. "I hate myself and I hate Lorenzo for having tried to take advantage of my weakness. I will refuse to see him again, and I shall tell Noel everything when he comes back. Surely Noel will understand?"

She dropped off to sleep as day was breaking.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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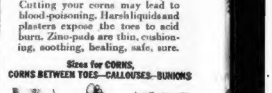

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Keeping Clothing Fresh in Summer

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

KEEPING frocks fresh and fit in Summer becomes an increasing problem during vacation days. Picnics on the grass are delightful but sometimes leave deep green stains on a flannel sport skirt. Or the jolly little motor trip may trail a grease splash across one's best printed silk. And dry cleaners' establishments do not grow on every bush, so the wearer must know how to clean and care for her Summer wardrobe.

Stains, of course, must be first removed and actually treated according to their kind. A list of common stains and remedies at the end of this article should prove helpful.

Usually the chief ingredient forming the stain is also its best remover—thus water best removes milk stains or ice cream, turpentine dissolves out a paint stain, and so on. Treated with the wrong chemical or reagent a stain becomes even more stubborn and refuses to move.

The next question to be considered in removing stains is, What material is the frock? And more important, How is it made? Because washing or cleansing is relatively easy compared to the pressing and re-shaping of the garment afterwards. It may be made from silk, cotton, linen, or wool, and each has its own special cleaning technique.

Silks are animal fibres. They do not stand heat, strong sun, or any alkalis which will destroy their gloss and cause them to stiffen or crack. Also any rubbing or friction method will similarly weaken the fabric and make it creased.

Therefore, the safest treatment for all silks, including printed silks so popular this season, pongee, Rajah, and other weaves, is as follows:

1—Test colors first for fading.
2—Use lukewarm suds, dipping rapidly.
3—Do not squeeze.
4—Work rapidly.
5—Hang in the shade or indoors.
6—Press while damp or almost dry with cool iron.

A good way to test the material of a printed or other colored silk dress is to use its belt and dip it into warm soap suds, dry and then press carefully. This should show how well the entire frock will stand a water washing and ironing.

If there are spots, remove first, sponging them with carbon tetrachlorid. Then use tepid suds, "jouncing" the garment up and down in them rapidly. Do this not more than three minutes, then carefully rinse twice in clean, tepid water. Squeeze dry with the hands, place to air and dry, and be ready to press in not more than fifteen minutes after washing.

Cotton and linen are vegetable fibres. They do stand considerable heat, strong sun and some alkalis although it is best not to submit any fibres to too strong a test. They will both endure rubbing and, of course, boiling.

Again, if there are stains, remove them, following the special procedure of the stain in question. Then test for color as before. Use a suds considerably hotter than for silk. Even a washing machine is entirely safe for washing cottons and linens. Let the washer operate from 5 to 10 minutes and rinse in two or three waters.

If the material is a thin linen or cotton use a well cooked very thin starch made by cooking 1 tablespoon starch in 1 quart of water. Put the frocks through the rinse; after they are starched and dry in a shady place to prevent fading. When partially dry begin to iron.

A needed caution is not to leave colored pieces rolled and damp for a long time as this increases the danger of the colors "running."

One of the new small tub washers fitting on a gas range is excellent for cleansing all cottons and linens. One of these is a percolator model which casts a spray of hot water continually over the clothes. Another model is so made that it can be raised or lowered to any desired height, and when not in use, made so low that it can slip under the table out of the way.

Wool is an animal fibre. It is even more delicate than silk and will not stand any degree of heat, sun or strong or mild alkalis. Each wool fibre is made with tiny overlapping scales, and if these become roughed up as if they shrink because of strong heat or strong soap, then the garment can never be gotten to the same shape again.

The safe treatment for all wools, which includes many of the Summer light wool ensembles, wool sweaters and sports frocks, is this:

1—Test colors first for "bleeding."
2—Measure garment from waist to neck, across chest, etc.
3—Have rich luke-warm suds of white soap.
4—Squeeze up and down rapidly.
5—Rinse in two clear waters same temperature as wash water.
6—Squeeze or pat dry without wringing.
7—Shape garment on flat surface, pinning to original measurements.

The advantage of measuring a woolen garment before washing is that there is then a definite diagram or pattern to which it may be pinned afterwards and stretched. This should be done on a clean sheet or other padded surface like a table top. A sweater or wool should never be hung up to dry as it will sag and become almost shapeless.

Do not dry too rapidly. Be sure to have a sunny day as on a damp day the wool will continue to absorb moisture. Also wools which are slow dried are likely to mildew.

It is almost impossible to say how to set colors owing to the uncertainty of dyes. But if the soap used is mild, the water almost cold, and the work done quickly, very little "bleeding" should result. In general common salt or common vinegar are safe and cheap agents to aid in setting the most common colors.

Grass—Use cold water without soap; or rub with molasses. Let stand, then wash in warm water; or use alcohol or ether on white unwashable materials.

Grease—Wash in warm water and soap; soften old stains with lard or turpentine before washing; dissolve with ether on delicate fabrics; cover with chalk or powdered magnesia.

Fruit Juices—Pour on boiling water from height to strike stain with force. Soak stain in a solution of equal parts of boiling water and Javelle, rinse thoroughly in boiling water to which a few drops of ammonia are added; use borax instead of ammonia if goods are colored.

Iron Rust—Apply lemon juice and salt and lay in sun; or apply hydrochloric acid drop by drop on stained portion extended over bowl of boiling water with one teaspoon borax dissolved; as stain brightens, dip at once into water and after disappearance rinse with ammonia rinsing water.

Meat and Blood — Wash in tepid water and ammonia.

Paint — Use soap and tepid water at once if goods are washable; dissolve old paint in lard or turpentine; then wash in gasoline or benzine.

Tar—Soften in lard, then wash in warm water and soap.

Mildew—If fresh, it will wash out in soap and water; later may be bleached with Javelle or permanganate. But if well attached to fibres it cannot be removed as it is a vegetable fungis, not a true stain.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Fruit.	Cantaloupe.	Prunes.	Chilled Currants.	Fruit.	Cantaloupe.	Frosted Grapes
Ham Omelet.	Cereal.	Cereal.	Broiled Bacon.	Prepared Cereal.	Bacon and Eggs.	on
Tea Biscuit.	Poached	French Toast.	Scrambled Eggs.	Graham Waffles.	Toast.	Grape Leaves.
Coffee.	Eggs on	Blackberry	Rolls, Coffee.	Honey, Coffee.	Coffee.	French Omelet.
Luncheon	Toast.	Jelly.	*Luncheon*	*Dinner*	*Luncheon*	Rolls. Coffee.
Cabbage au	Coffee.	Coffee.	Vegetable Salad.	Macaroni and	Banana	*Dinner*
Gratin.	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	Garnish	Cheese.	Salad.	Broiled Beef
Lettuce and	Apple and	Potato Salad.	of Cheese Balls	Cucumber Salad.	Peanut	Balls.
Tomato Salad.	Cocoanut	Cucumber	or	French Bread.	Butter	Riced Potatoes.
Apricot Pudding.	Salad.	Garnish.	Smoked Salmon.	Apple Tapioca.	Sandwiches.	Cauliflower
Iced Tea.	Cream Cheese	Graham	Cup Cakes	*Buffet*	Iced	Fritters.
Dinner	Sandwiches.	Bread.	with Chocolate	*Supper*	Fruit Juice.	Tomato Salad.
(Company)	Iced Tea.	Raspberry	Sauce.	*(Guests)*	*Dinner*	Favorite
Fricassee of Veal	*Dinner*	Sherbet.	*Dinner*	Sweetbread a la	Boston Roast.	Dressing.
with	Left-Over	Iced Tea.	*(Cold)*	King.	Buttered	Marshmallow
Spinach. Noodles.	Veal	*Dinner*	Fruit Cocktail.	Fruit Nut Salad.	Spinach with	Ice Cream with
Corn Fritters.	Fricasee.	Salmon Loaf	Tomatoes	Biscuits	Hard-Cooked	Chocolate
Sweet Potatoes	Fried	with	(Stuffed with	or Tiny Rolls.	Egg	Peppermint
with	Egg Plant.	Creamed Peas.	Salad).	Olives. Pickles.	Garnish.	Sauce.
Preserved Figs.	Buttered	Corn.	Garnish of As-	Vanilla	Heart	*Supper*
Frozen	Okra.	Jellied	paragus and	Ice Cream.	Lettuce Salad.	Tuna Fish
Tomato Salad.	Watercress	Philadelphia	Potato Cubes.	Chocolate Cake	French	Sandwiches.
Sponge	Salad.	Relish.	Toasted	with Mocha	Dressing.	Radish
Cake Trifle with	Savory	Old-Fashioned	Sardine Biscuit.	Frosting.	Fruited	Sandwiches.
Coffee Cream	Dressing.	Peach Gateau.	One-Two-Three	Iced Tea or	Rice with Cream	Pineapple Trifle.
Sauce.	Apple Pie.		Dessert.	Coffee.	Sauce.	Frosted Punch.

Good Things for the Guests

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Old Fashioned Peach Gateau.

CUT fresh or stale sponge cake in thin slices. Peel and slice ripe peaches and sprinkle with sugar. In an attractive serving dish arrange alternate layers of the cake and peaches and cream or cold boiled custard.

Vanilla Ice Cream.

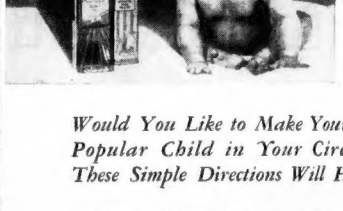
SCALD 2 cups milk in double boiler. Beat 6 egg yolks slightly with 1 cup sugar and 1 teaspoon salt. Add hot milk slowly, stirring constantly to prevent lumping. Return to boiler and stir constantly until smooth and creamy. Strain, chill, add 1 cup of cream beaten stiff and flavor with 1 tablespoon vanilla. Omit vanilla and use other flavoring if desired. A combination of 2 teaspoons vanilla and 1 teaspoon almond is especially good. Freeze as usual.

Mocha Frosting.

WORK 3 tablespoons butter until creamy and add 1 tablespoon cocoa sifted with ¼ cup sifted powdered sugar gradually. As mixture thickens add 1½ tablespoon strong coffee infusion gradually.

Convenient Summer Salad Dressing.

THICK cream has an unfortunate way of souring during the hot Summer months. It is delicious when made into the following dressing. Mix 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon sugar and a few grains of pepper and beat well with 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Beat in 2 tablespoons vinegar. When smooth and well blended add 1 cup thick sour cream and set on ice until needed. This is especially good with vegetable salads.



Is Your Sister-in-law's Baby More Popular Than Yours?

Would You Like to Make Your Baby the Most Popular Child in Your Circle of Friends? These Simple Directions Will Help Amazingly!

Of course you will not admit it, but you know your sister-in-law's little boy, while he is not half so good looking, is far more popular than your little girl. And why?

There is a reason why your Jane is cranky and John is not. And the reason is that Jane is uncomfortable—she is unhappy in her body—she is suffering from irritation that you can correct and prevent altogether if you will.

Her little body is hot with feverish chafing in the folds of the skin and her clothes irritate her.

Now, you can stop all that. Every morning after bathing your baby rub its entire body gently with Mennen Baby Oil—being sure to massage it into the folds and creases of the skin so that you will prevent chafing.

And during the day, after every diaper change, massage the buttocks with Mennen Baby Oil to water-proof the skin against irritating matter.

And be sure, after removing any excess oil to dust Mennen Borated Baby Talcum over the entire body and particularly into the "diaper region" to help correct and prevent "ammonia diaper" irritation.

Mennen Borated Baby Talcum is a scientific blend of talc—specially medicated with boric acid, zinc oxide, and other recognized antiseptics.

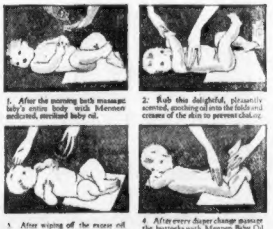
Mennen Baby Oil is sterilized and medicated, pleasantly scented, and will not stain baby's diapers or clothing.

THE MENNEN COMPANY
Newark, N. J. Toronto, Ont., Canada

This Mennen
Baby Gift Box

A charming gift for mother and baby—delightfully modern in design—containing the essential things every mother needs for the new baby. Price $1.50 at druggists, department stores, and gift shops.

MENNEN
BORATED TALCUM
BABY OIL



1: After the morning bath massage baby's entire body with Mennen medicated, sterilized baby oil.

2: Rub this delightful, pleasantly scented, soothing oil into the folds and creases of the skin to prevent chafing.

3: After wiping off the excess oil dust baby with Mennen Borated Talcum to keep him sweet-smelling, cool, and comfortable.

4: After every diaper change massage the buttocks with Mennen Baby Oil to water-proof the skin against urine. Then dust the diaper region liberally with Mennen Borated Baby Talcum.

Unruffled!

through vacation days

VACATION DAYS! Swimming, golf, tennis, riding-freedom, fun! Do you worry about your hair during these glorious days? Stop it! Use HOLD-BOBS.

Do you sit stiff and uncomfortable on the beach fearing that if you play tag your hair will become ruffled? Use HOLD-BOBS and join in the fun.

You won't feel HOLD-BOBS in your hair—their smooth ends prevent any discomfort. No one will see them—their small heads are invisible. They won't fall out—their flexible sides, with one side crimped, hold them firm.

Really, you know HOLD-BOBS are in your hair only because your coiffure remains perfect.

The end of an exciting vacation day—an unruffled hairdress! Try that combination—easily possible with HOLD-BOBS.

Look for the distinctive gold and silver metal foil cards. On sale everywhere. Send 10c with coupon for a generous supply for your vacation, and booklet on Modern Hair Culture.

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American Weekly Patterns

A PRETTY SUMMER DRESS (6917). The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require 3⅝ yards of 39-inch material. Contrasting material will require ⅛ yard 39 inches wide and cut crosswise.

A DAINTY FROCK FOR THE YOUNG MISS (6928). The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. A 14-year size will require 3¼ yards of 39-inch material.

A CHARMING STYLE (6913). The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require 6¼ yards of 39-inch material. Contrasting material will require ⅛ yard, 39 inches wide, cut crosswise. 2 yards of narrow ribbon are required for facing on front and sleeves.

A SIMPLE BUT ATTRACTIVE MODEL (6782). The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. A 14-year size with sleeves will require 2⅞ yards of 35-inch material. Without sleeves it will require 2¼ yards.

A DELIGHTFUL LITTLE FROCK FOR A TINY TOT (6931). The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 2, 4 and 6 years. A 4-year size with the collars will require 2¼ yards of 32-inch material. Without the collars, about one-half yard less material will be required.

To obtain any two of these desirable patterns, fill in the accompanying coupon and mail with 25c in coin (SEAL ENVELOPE FLAP SECURELY ON ALL EDGES) to

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Does she have a maid ?

Her lovely hands say "Yes!"

But she would tell you the truth

If you were to meet Jean C— at a bridge party, you'd probably think, "Oh, there's a lucky one!" For her hands look as cool and smooth and pink — as if she had a maid and touched only dainty things

Yet I happen to know, because Jean lives a block away from me, that she has her hands *full* — with two small youngsters, not to mention a husband and a home! In fact, the only help Jean ever has is a girl who comes in on the afternoons and evenings when Jean goes to a party.

Now — does this all sound like a fairy tale?

Well, it isn't. Jean's hands keep so nice because she protects them at work in exactly the same way that I do. And it's a way you can adopt easily, too! The whole secret is to work with a soap so pure and gentle that soap tasks are as gentle to your hands as beauty baths! I hope this means Ivory to you. For over 50 years Ivory has been America's favorite baby soap. Isn't this a wonderful proof how safe and gentle it is?

Every time I see a woman with a young and pretty face and rough, old-looking hands — I just ache to say something to her. For I know what is happening. She is using a strong "kitchen" soap that is robbing her hands of their soft tender youth and leaving lines and roughness and age instead. And all this useless waste is happening because she has made the mistake of thinking that hard work needs a harsh soap.

The truth is — a gentle *rich* soap can do hard work, too!

If you'll try Ivory for everything, you will soon discover what it can do. Notice how beautifully Ivory washes your clothes and keeps dainty colors looking brand-new! Notice, too, how quickly Ivory cleans painted woodwork — yet it doesn't eat off the gloss as strong soaps will. Do you know that linoleum manufacturers recommend Ivory? They do, because Ivory's cleansing is gentle (not drying like strong soaps) and the linoleum lasts much longer.

So, you see, Ivory is economical in the long run, because it protects while it cleans. But, of course, it would be worth using if only because of its benefits to hard-working hands. Watch them respond to Ivory's care — how much smoother and whiter they become — how much easier they are to keep well-groomed. And then you'll agree with Jean and me, that it is mighty simple to have really nice hands!

CATHERINE CARR LEWIS

Free: A little book on charm. What kind of care for different complexions? For hands, for hair? Write for "On the Art of Being Charming." Address Catherine Carr Lewis, Dept. 56-H3, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Saved—your clothes and your hands

If colored clothes could talk, they'd thank you for putting them through gentle Ivory suds that keep them as bright as new. And your hands would thank you, too—in their increased smoothness and supple youth. So isn't it really economical to use Ivory?

IVORY SOAP

. . . kind to everything it touches

99 44/100 % pure "It floats"

Good luck for dishwashing hands!

Three-times-a-day dishwashing with harsh stinging soap robs pretty hands of their youth. But when Ivory Soap or Ivory Flakes furnish rich suds in the dishpan, dishwashing becomes as gentle as a beauty-bath! And it seems nicer, too, don't you think, to wash pretty china and sparkling glass with a fresh-scented, quick-rinsing soap?